

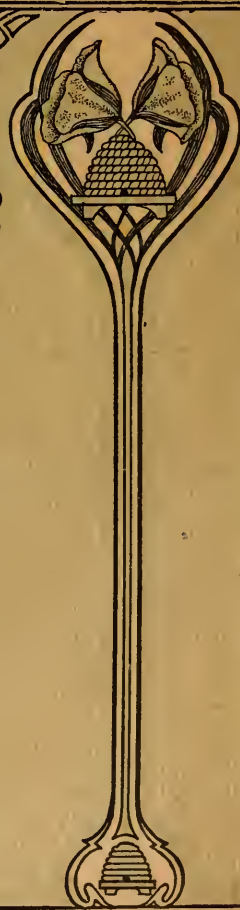
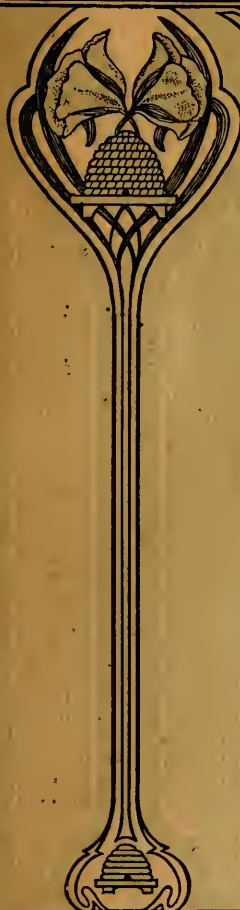
Improvement Era



Vol. XIX

July, 1916

No. 9



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah



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The Lord's Prayer*

Thou to the mercy-seat our souls doth gather
To do our duty unto Thee.....**Our Father**
To whom all praise, all honor should be given
For Thou art the great God.....**Who art in heaven**
And by Thy wisdom ruls't the world's whole frame
Forever, therefore.....**Hallowed be Thy name**
Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let.....**Thy kingdom come**
Let Thy commands be opposed by none,
But Thy good pleasure and.....**Thy will be done**
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same.....**On earth as 'tis in Heaven**
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou would'st be pleased to.....**Give us this day**
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed
Sufficient raiment and.....**Our daily bread**
With every needful thing do You relieve us
And of Thy mercy, pity.....**And forgive us**
All our misdeeds for Him whom Thou did'st please
To make an offering for.....**Our trespasses**
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us.....**As we forgive**
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost tell us
To pardon all.....**Those who trespass against us**
And though sometimes Thou find'st we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help.....**And lead us not**
Through soul or body's want to desperation
Nor let earth's gain drive us.....**Into temptation**
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fail in the time of trial.....**But deliver**
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil
And both in life and death, keep.....**Us from evil**
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of Thee from whom
This may be had.....**For Thine is the kingdom**
This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story
To Thee belongs.....**The power and the glory**
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and.....**Forever**
Thus we poor creatures would confess again
And thus would say eternally.....**Amen**

*This beautiful composition was captured during the war at Charleston, S. C. It was printed on heavy satin, July 4, 1823. It was picked up by A. P. Green of Auburn, Ind., at Corinth, Miss., the morning the rebels evacuated it, May 30, 1862.



From Thorvaldsen's Seasons.

SUMMER

"All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And wings that softly sing."—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"From brightening fields of ether fair-disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes.
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth;
He comes, attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way."—J. THOMPSON.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XIX

JULY, 1916

No. 9

The Call of the Ages

BY ILA FISHER

God dismissed Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden with a Father's blessing that all their posterity should share. Men know this blessing as Work. The divine plan was for men to help each other; but, knowing they would be prone to work for self interests only, the Creator has sent vibrating through all the centuries a ceaseless call directing men to the sources of eternal joy, peace, blessedness. Listen! This call of the ages is crying—Life is for Service!

Unfurl Time's roll of honor. Scan the list. On it is not a sordid soul who lived for self alone; not a selfish one who lived for self alone; not a selfish one who lived and died and left the world no better than he found it. No! We revere those who have devoted their lives to willing help for humanity.

The perfect chart and compass comes from Christ who did not fear to earn his daily bread by humble toil, who willingly lived and died for our redemption, teaching us that service for others makes men's names immortal. The Apostle Paul is accorded a place in history, not because of his marvelous conversion, but because by it he learned to serve his God and fellow men. Thomas A. Edison is a great man because the fruit of his toil is for the uplift of humanity.

No special voice allures the workers on to heights of fame. They do but harken and give heed to the call that comes to every age, to every clime, to every race of men. To no age, no clime, no race has the call of the ages sounded more piercingly than today in Utah pleading for service.

Our pioneer parents have made this mountain home a garden where seeds of industry and righteousness have been sown. But these Pioneer gardeners are dead and dying. Weeds of sin and strife are ripening. Service is needed to keep Utah clean and strong. We have social problems to master, social wrongs to

right. There are needed industrial improvements in every field of activity.

The Lord has said, "Blessed be the horny hands of toil." That men's work might never end, the Creator has made all earthly things subject to change and decay. Our labor on marble will perish. Our temples will crumble to dust. But there is a service that links the toil of earth with the progress of heaven. What we do to make immortal souls happy, to imbue them with right principles, noble desires, just fear of God and love for fellow men—such service will endure through all eternity.

There are natures—some cold, selfish, absorbing, who chill and crumble all who meet their touch; others radiant, affluent, helpful, who enrich by their very presence, whose touch is a healing balm. Such serviceable people are needed, for few hearts are beating today without a hidden sorrow.

One in a million, once in a lifetime, can do a big heroic deed, but the little things that link this earth to heaven come every hour of every day. Little courtesies, little kindnesses, loving words and smiles, and wishes, a helping hand to him who is in need—these are not heralded by noisy fame, but angels record them in the Book of Life. They are food for God's hunger, water for his thirst; for inasmuch as we have done it unto the least of these that are his we have done it unto him.

Man is that he might have joy. He achieves the greatest joy who gives the most to his fellow men. We should be the happiest of happy people because we have the most to give. Until the gospel in its fullness has been given to all the kingdoms of the earth, the millennium can not come. Our voices can not be heard in some foreign lands because of the din and clamor and clash of war. But there are millions of souls nearer home needing the light. Who shall the messengers be? There are souls in Paradise needing work done on earth. Who shall live worthy to enter God's temples for them?

We live in deeds—not years. Our age is as full of opportunities as the sky is full of stars. We are reaping the benefit of the labor of all past ages. Much is given us. Of us much is expected. Never was an age so full of sin and sorrow, so full of intricate problems. The world needs lofty dreamers whose efforts measure praiseworthy results. The world needs workers. These trying times demand strong minds, brave hearts, willing hands, and much unflinching faith.

What though there be pain and peril in the path of progress? Humanity must go on! You and I have a part to play. Let us then be up and doing. We clamor for success. The brow of him who treads that road is stamped with the seal of Service. With faith in our own ability, charity for those in need, however heavy our own burdens, we all can live helpfully for one day, and

our whole life is but a day repeated. True, we grow weary of working for self, much more for others, but unselfish service will teach us virtues that the idle never know. Our duty—great or small, splendid or obscure—if we find it and perform it faithfully, will tune our lives into an echo of the life of Christ.

The leaves of the trees wave and struggle with the elements until new buds push them off. Shall we not serve in our given sphere? We are here with talents, time and opportunities. Shall we not improve them as one who must render an account? Genius, worth, power, are more made than born. Because we meet with difficulties, shall we sink in discouragement? Or shall we find our purpose on earth and think, plan, work, live for it? None are too poor, none are too small, none too feeble to be of service. Come, then, put our strengths together!

What an uplift of humanity will follow when all the good works we intend to do are carried out! This is your day and mine to do our parts. We know we shall not pass again this way. "But here and now do we do our tasks? Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask: What have we done today?"

The voice of the ages is calling—calling to us for better preparation, more efficient service. Hear it, heed it. Let it penetrate the hearts of the young, the old, the middle-aged—the soul of humanity!

"Say not our day is evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh shame!
Stand up, faint not, work bravely in God's name.
Be strong!"

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.
Be strong!"

HEBER, UTAH

The Squanderer

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

God gave him passions, splendid as the sun;
Meant for the lordliest purposes, a part
Of nature's full and fertile mother heart,
From which new systems and new stars are spun.
And now, behold, what he has done!
In Folly's court and carnal Pleasures' mart
He flung the wealth life gave him at the start.
(This, of all mortal sins, the deadliest one.)

At dawn he stood, potential, opulent,
With virile manhood, and emotions keen
And wonderful with God's creative fire.
At noon he stands, with Love's large fortune spent
In petty traffic, unproductive, mean—
A pauper, cursed with impotent desire. —SELECTED.



A-ra

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

I

From whom had she inherited her eyes? They were a wonder in the land. And her shining hair—what a miracle was that! Her lithe, slender form was easily accounted for, it was an attraction of the native Indian girls; her mother had once been possessed of such. But those other beauties. What ancestor could have given her those abnormal eyes, that hair of ruddy gold?

Students of the laws of heredity are aware of most singular facts. Slight yet subtle traits of character are transmitted from generation to generation. A glance of the eye, a motion of the hand, a placing of the foot, a sudden gesture; or a slow, deliberate action, these may be noted passing from father to son, from mother to daughter. Or it may be some peculiar effect upon the features, expressive of pleasure or sorrow, or accompanying abstracted thought. The mental qualities which are handed down in individuals through the ages are no more singular in persistence than are the physical. The most ordinary hereditist soon gains a knowledge of the downward or omitting process. He readily discovers nature's power of repose, or rather, for that statement does not express the thought, nature abiding its time,

its ever readiness to bring a result,—but its indifference, its carelessness, if the opportunity presents itself or no—the law which often makes a human being resemble a more distant than a nearer relative. He also learns the unpleasant truth, that ordinarily, in fact with few exceptions, nature is the more prone to reproduce the lower traits, mental and physical, than it is the higher ones. Or should we say, that relapse is more a line of least resistance than is redemption? And yet we stumble. The ordinary hereditist, we said, is aware of those facts, but the master becomes cognizant of others. An accumulative and reverse is sometimes, though rarely, seen. And to such a case the facts which follow direct our thoughts.

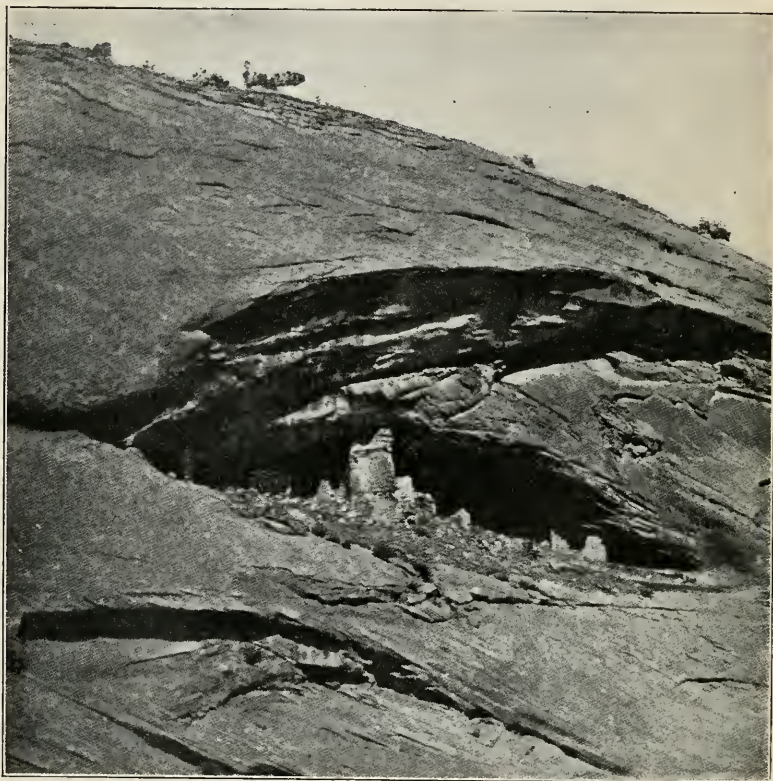
A-ra! A-ra of the violet eyes; A-ra of the golden hair—A-ra, the wonder! It would seem that there could be no possible connection traced between that name given to the girl by the descendants of the ancient cliff-dwellers and the appellation Ra—of the great sun-god of the Nile. No link, surely, and yet the serpent as an emblem of eternity and the winged circle has been found carved upon the rude places of worship, the ruined kivas; and that name, A-ra, is the Navajo word for the feminine of light. A wondrous gift, indeed, that child. She had been presented by his Indian wife to the white settler. A-ra, the Navajos had named her, and that name superseded the one which she was given after her birth. And the Indians repeated over her a legend of the tribe. There had been an A-ra long ago. Her eyes, the legend ran, were unlike all others, and upon her head was hair woven from the beams of the sun. She had come from an unknown land, and a great chief of their tribe, had made her his mate. But that was an event of the past, dim and far away. In the new A-ra one would never tire of seeing the violet blue that shone in her dusky eyes, nor the gleams of gold in the dusk of her wondrous hair.

II

“Hot as Tophet!” The scriptural phrase will do, although the men used as a terminal to their ejaculations a much stronger word. It *was* hot, and the labor of the archæologist and those who aided him *was* arduous, and to the young enthusiast it *was* an exciting one, too. The sun flared down from a cloudless sky. Upon the sandstone plateaus of the Cliff-dwellers’ Land, there was a fiery light. The oose and the yucca threw perpendicular shadows on the water-curved walls of “The Wash,” and at the noon-day hour the rays of the light penetrated to the bottom of the deep and narrow fissure, and the air in the cave, when the men were at their labor, was hot and so were the layers of fine dirt-like sands which covered its floor and which half choked and smothered

the men as they worked. The decorated pottery which they uncovered, the stores of ancient grain, were filled with the heat of the sun, and so, too, were the weapons of flint which had lain through ages buried there. All was hot. There was a warmth even in the withered flesh of the gaunt and ancient mummies.

And the men dug, and the eager archæologist directed; and outside at the mouth of the cave, Loki, the one time Indian run-



RUINS OF THE CLIFF-DWELLER'S PALACE

ner, now the guide, kept watch, and in his heart, perhaps, were an Indian's dislike and fear at thus wantonly disturbing the rest of the dead. And down in "The Wash," in the shade of the mountain cedars, were the camp and the waiting horses. Riding and pack horses both, for only they could follow the difficult trail which led across the plateaus into that hidden cleft. And the horses would bear away whatever the young archæologist might secure from the caves.

A wonderful scene! Those parti-colored sandstones of the great plateaus had once been the bottom of an ancient sea. The mineral fronts of the high walls of the fissure were stained with perpendicular bars and fantastic markings of mineral black. And strangely like to the colors of the walls and the patterns which nature had placed upon them, are the decorated art works of the departed peoples, the potteries which are taken from the caves and the ruined dwellings. In the northern wall of the fissure was the dark opening of the largest cave, and upon the platform of a projecting ledge before it, were the ruins of a rude palace or a temple; which ever the building might have been, it was the work of the cliff-dwellers who once ruled the land. Small as is the ruined structure, it recalls, in the simplicity and impressiveness of its lines, the buildings of the kings of Ra. And at the front of the walls of the wash, and over its edge, were blocks and streams of long-cooled lava, for the primal fires as well as the primal waters had share in the forming of those wild features in the desolate scene. And in it all there was a singular harmony of strangeness, those walls of nature's building, the yawning mouth of the cave, and the ruined palace or temple. And not only in these, but also in the thoughts suggested, the dead peoples, the extinct fires, and the vanished seas. It all seemed to speak that one word—death.

Up the slope which led to the palace or temple and the mouth of the great cave, what singular processions must once have passed! Up to those broken towers, that opening in the rock, must have marched the warriors, the white-haired priests and the dark-skinned and black-haired maidens. Those rocks have echoed back the shrill songs of ceremonials, the weird chants of lamentation. Perhaps the first A-ra once dwelt in that palace at the end of her bridal procession. Now all was still, but the stillness was a stimulant to the imagination. One thought of the man-hole, of the dungeon, cut in solid rock, and of the prisoners who might have rotted there, of the harvest feasts, when the granaries were filled with corn, and of the rituals, when A-ra and the great chief died. One could almost see the struggle of the warriors and hear the yells of the attack and defiance, and the cries of exultation or despair, when might have been enacted a scene of carnage, some massacre, when the lives of the builders of those now tottering walls, the last of the beauty, the power, the wisdom of the tribe, were brought to an end.

The A-ra, could that have been she? Who else could that mummy have been? What had the young archæologist found? Already he had made discoveries which had repaid for all his toil, but this one was beyond his wildest hope. Strong and powerful in life, must have been the man whose mummy now lay there exhumed upon the sands of the cave; many and big and finely

wrought were the weapons of flint which had shared his long repose, and let lay by the side of the dead. But more wondrous, surpassing belief, was that other mummy which had been found by the great chief's side. Her body had been clothed with the greatest of care. Her robe of feathers was of the finest workmanship and the richest colors. Upon her fingers were rings and upon her wrists were circlets of beaten gold. But these latter were none of the cliff-dwellers' work, for never on any other mummy had their like been found. And a netting made from the leaf thread of the oose and the yucca, was over the delicate form, and it could yet be seen that the netting also enclosed within its mesh a flood of thick, of long and golden hair.

III

What was the secret? Are there immutable laws of love? An answer to this question might tell the cause in the coming of a second A-ra. There is a law which makes the lesser covet the higher being. The law may be set aside, broken, yet it returns in greater force. The passion which made that ancient cliff-dweller take the golden-haired one to be his mate is common unto the race. There is an unconquerable desire, even in the lowest human beings, to become as those on the highest plane. Beauty is forever worshiped. From the physical, it passes to mental, to spiritual beauty. The living A-ra, the descendant of that A-ra of the past, was but a strange manifestation of a deathless force. Darker had become, through a lesser law, in each succeeding generation, the children of that strange chief and the one who had come from an unknown land. At last, the identity of A-ra was lost within the tribe. But a higher law was suddenly restored. A second A-ra brought back the first and made its law triumphant.

Yet this is a love thought; we do not tell of the modern A-ra to hint at the truth of reincarnation, nor an exceptional wonder in the law of heredity. We repeat a heart tale.

What were the emotions of that first A-ra when she became the bride of a savage chief? As the mate of that ancient cliff-dweller, did she pass her days hopelessly sighing for her native land? That we may not know. But she had surely dwelt in that crude palace at the mouth of the great cave and had afterwards been placed in the cave itself as the cliff-dwellers leave their dead. Was her blood of the Norse, or was she a Greek? That golden hair might have come from either race. Again we may not know. We cannot guess from whence she came, or how. But this we know—there lay that golden-haired mummy by the side of that of the savage chief, and for many ages she had been there. The mystery of her coming, and from what land, must forever remain unsolved. We will tell of the later A-ra.

To a girl born and reared in the semi-desert, the daughter of

a cattlemen and his Indian wife, that handsome young archæologist was almost as a god. When he appeared at the door of her father's cabin, the heart of A-ra was lost. But the heart of the stranger was not won. Romance should have made him who uncovered the remains of the first A-ra, in love with the second. But this is a bit of truth. Be the girl the greatest of wonders among the settlers and the Indian tribe, yet the heart of the student of ethnology, the young enthusiast in archæology, remained his own. The wonder of A-ra's birth he would repeat, yet he would never know that through love of him her love would be a waste. His splendid "find" absorbed the attention and thought of the fortunate man. Fortunate in his quest of the dead, but indifferent to an unknown love of the living.

After the passing of the thousands of years, one can yet imagine the surprise and adoration with which the old cliff-dweller might have looked upon the beauty of his wondrous prize. Perhaps the swift runners of the chief had climbed up the steep slope to the door of the palace that stood on the ledge by the burial cave. It might have been that they received a rich reward when they announced to the cliff-dwellers the capture of the one with the eyes of the sky and the sun-beam hair. But no swift runner had brought tidings to the second A-ra of the coming of one who should steal away her peace and her love. The golden-haired mummy was carefully packed and soon on its way to the East. It would not be long before it would be an object of interest in a great museum. Ticketed, numbered, it would be enclosed in a glass case for thousands to look upon. But the second A-ra? She watched with passionate sobbing, with tear-stained face, the young archæologist as he rode away, vanishing in the summer haze across the sun-burnt mesas.





Notable "Hike" on the Great Colorado Plateau

By the M. I. A. Scouts of St. Johns, Arizona

Fifteen of the boys, with George H. Crosby, Jr., stake superintendent, took a "hike" in June, 1915, and are shown in the photograph. Others joined the "hike" at Eagar. The company altogether traveled 161 miles—walked 152 miles. They found 91 new plants, 17 new rocks, 14 natural curiosities; visited 4 towns, 16 ranches, 12 creeks and 24 other geographical places. They met and interviewed 21 intelligent people, saw 11 very attractive homes, took lessons in good road building, cattle raising, sheep raising, forestry, fire protection, and dry-farming. Fourteen boys learned much of camp cooking. The company saw 5 reservoirs, 48 extinct volcanoes, 8 extinct geysers and one sheep-shearing camp. They caught 324 trout, saw 9 sheep herds, 9 Mexican ranch homes, and 8 Indian ruins. They traced the course of three ancient Aztec canals, and traveled or camped in timbered mountains six out of the eleven days they were upon their journey from June 18 to June 28, inclusive. They saw 11 picturesque canyons, one flock of wild turkeys, and 23 birds. They captured 2 prairie dogs and 1 porcupine and saw 12 other wild animals, also bear tracks, deer tracks, etc., and altogether had a most excellent educational trip—one that taught them the value of keen observation, and the natural marvels of the great Colorado plateau over which they traveled.



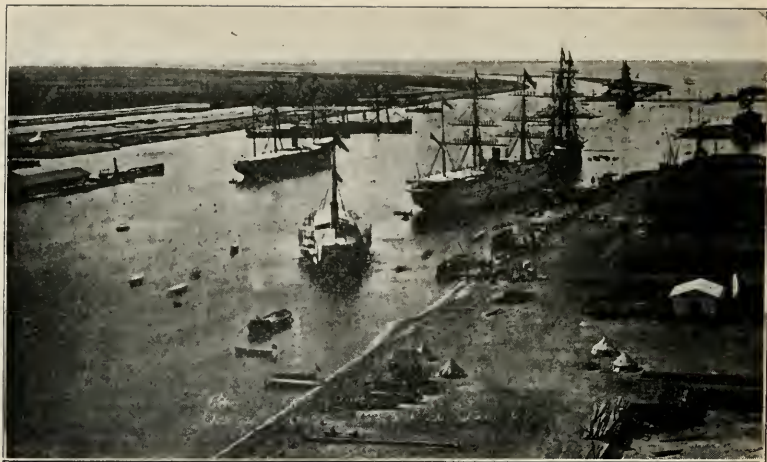
ROOSEVELT M. I. A. SCOUTS

Top—On horseback, ready to leave for the hike.

Center—Climbing a mountain. The scouts are walking and leading their horses as an act of kindness to the animals.

Bottom—Just after finishing lunch on the banks of the Uintah river.

"We are having good success in the work in some of the wards. In some, however, we have not been able to get officers," writes Supt. Clarence Johnson of Duchesne stake. Since last September he has traveled over 1,200 miles in that stake, in the interests of M. I. A. work. They have organizations in seven wards, all of which are doing good work. Thirty-four boys of the Roosevelt ward went along in the hike above explained. The boy scouts of the Bennett ward joined in the bear dance, in which the boys took a turn with the Indians, and enjoyed it very much. Scout Masters are Depriest of Roosevelt, and Wellman, of Bennett.



RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PORT SAID

An Incident of Travel

BY F. E. BARKER

I stood at the point in Port Said, Egypt, where the Suez Canal enters the Mediterranean, gazing at the magnificent statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps, the genius and builder of the great canal. Suddenly I was accosted by the voice of some person on the opposite side of the boulevard. There was no mistaking it; I was recognized. In the party addressing me, I saw the troubled expression of a man past middle age, sprawled out in a resting but woe-begone attitude. On closer inspection I discerned the features of one of those typical old Syrians we had seen about the Holy Land. He bore the impression of having been greatly misused, and his first words were: "I been sheated, I been sheated! My name be Backarat—Isaac Backarat. I t'ink you



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS

know Dr. Robison—O I been sheated! I been sheated!" His modulation and also his twang were very peculiar.

I could not help wondering at the salutation. What did it mean? Did he think I had cheated him? I had been led to think before I arrived at that point that one would do well if he made such a trip as I was taking without being cheated in some way. But I am going to stop here and tell you a few facts which will bring together the parts of my story.

Some days prior to the above happening our little party of three returning missionaries, in the course of our round-the-

world trip, were proceeding on board a Russian steamer from Alexandria to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa and the sea port constituting the gateway to Palestine. We had shared each other's company in travel by sea and land for many weeks, and after a few more days together, to be spent in the Holy Land, we were to separate, and I would have to pursue the rest of my journey alone.

It was very early in the morning. I had gone, the first of our party, upon deck, and by the first beams of the rising sun could see the glittering spires and rounded roofs of the city of Jaffa. I was startled by the voice (so strange in those parts) of one who could speak good English. It came addressing me very courteously, announcing that the speaker was an Englishman of liberal culture and means, and an officer in the service of the Egyptian government under the English regime, and was then taking his vacation, which he expected to spend to the extent of six weeks or more in the Holy Land. He said his intention was to go right up to a certain hospice, the Carsinova, just outside the walls of the City of Jerusalem, and present his credentials, when he would be furnished, entirely free to him, with everything he desired for a most extensive and enjoyable trip through Palestine and Syria, and that he could just as well take along a companion of his own choosing without any expense to either. He said he had picked me out as soon as he saw me as being a very desirable person to accompany him, and he was very solicitous that I would accept his rare offer. All the details seemed to be most fitting for my purpose at that time, and the whole looked nothing less than providential. I promised him an answer within an hour, which would be before disembarking at Jaffa. He had handed me his card, which bore the name of Charles Helfield, M. B. This I took down to my companions, and asked their advice. The proposition, they said, looked very fine upon its face, but as to the genuineness of the character described, not having seen him, they could not conjecture. After retiring and spending a few moments privately in supplicating the Throne of Grace for divine guidance, I set out, announcing that I was going to arrive at a conclusion after a very brief investigation. I had noticed, and remarked, that the gentleman's card was apparently in his own handwriting, not printed or engraved, which gave it an air of cheapness. I also observed that he was found so early on deck, in the midst of Arabs and other orientals who had spent the night under the open canopy of heaven, and during our voyage of several days' duration we had not once seen him at the dining table in the ship's cabin. I approached one of the ship's officers, and asked him if he knew the gentleman whose card I exhibited. "Why," said he, "that is the fellow who applied yesterday for work. I am engaged in the government service, but I never heard of his being employed in any capacity by the Egyptian or



FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, SUEZ

the English government." My conclusion was formed at once, and when Mr. Helfield appeared he got a straight refusal.

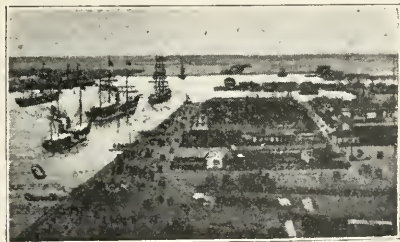
I heard no more of Mr. Helfield until upon our return to Port Said I met Mr. Backarat, as I have described. From this typically shrewd old Syrian dragoman, I learned that he (Mr. Backarat) was at Jaffa when our party had disembarked for Jerusalem, and had been approached by a certain Dr. Robison, who enlisted his services as one of the dragomen or professional guides of the country. That this Dr. Robison had told him a beautiful story, got him to advance means to pay the doctor's transportation, Jaffa to Jerusalem, second class, which was worse than any third class I had ever seen on any railway before. That the doctor had applied at one of those fine, charitable institutions just without the walls of the Holy City, and on presenting his papers was immediately admitted and cared for. This, however, had not prevented his first putting up his story to his dragoman, that he, the doctor, had large deposits of money at Beirut and also at Cairo, but was just then temporarily short of funds. The dragoman loaned him what he seemed to need. Presently a message came to Mr. Backarat from the doctor. They met again, and soon a bargain was closed for the dragoman to conduct a party of thirty people over a long trip covering Bethlehem, Jericho, Hebron, Galilee, Nazareth, Damascus, Beirut, etc. For this expedition the dragoman proceeded to arrange all preliminaries, meanwhile making the necessary advances for hire of mules, camels, attendants and the most complete and modern equipment. Then came another message, responding to which the dragoman was told that the doctor needed at once fourteen pounds in ready money, and that the dragoman should bear a telegraphic order on Damascus for the amount. The dragoman advanced the money, despite a hardship it entailed upon his family, and sent off the message. Within another day or two he

was called to dine sumptuously at the consulate at Jerusalem, with great dignitaries, which he did, never surmising that it was all at his own expense. Soon after he was sent for by the doctor and entreated to go down to Suez, a distance of several hundred miles by land and sea, to meet the doctor's party and bring up his baggage. The dragoman responded, at his own expense, and it was when he reached Alexandria, in the course of this journey, that his suspicions were first aroused.

Then he went at once to the British consulate. He learned that the consul knew the doctor described, and said: "Why, yes, he is a thief, an embezzler, who has been scarce a fortnight out of jail." The consul at once dispatched a message, requesting the immediate arrest of the doctor. When this was being sent, the dragoman found a telegram had arrived for himself, dated at Jerusalem and reading: "Proceed quick through Alexandria, awaiting letter Suez." Next the dragoman learned that the consul had received a wire from Beirut, saying the doctor had left the country, having sailed from Beirut just the day before.

During the conversation, in which Mr. Backarat detailed these facts to me about his own experience, he showed me, among other papers, an "I O U" from Dr. Robison for fourteen pounds, several telegraphic orders for money, upon which nothing could be realized, and some high-sounding letters of recommendation, and assured me by the strongest kind of evidence that he was the loser to the extent of not less than sixty pounds (\$300), besides his time, trouble, and further outstanding obligations for which he was responsible, all through this same Dr. Robison. He told me he was a Christian, living at Jerusalem, and had a large family to support.

I was already certain in my own mind of the identity of the "doctor," but now I verified my conclusion by a few well directed interrogatories which Mr. Backarat answered in a saddened whine between his sobs. The Dr. Robison was no other than the gentlemanly Charles Helfield, M. B., who had so courteously made the proposition of pleasure and travel throughout the Holy Land, to the heart's full desire and without expense, to your humble servant.



VIEW OF PORT SAID



THE GREAT BLUE HERON

Outlines for Scout Workers

BY D. W. PARRATT, B. S.

XI—THE GREAT BLUE HERON

Grotesque and tall, he stands erect,
Where the reed-riffle swirls and gleams,
Grave, melancholy, circumspect—
A hermit of the streams.—

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

1. Why are herons so called? Why is ours called a blue heron?
- Why a great blue heron?
2. What are the distinguishing marks of a true heron?
3. Upon what does the great blue heron subsist? Explain how it is fitted to procure its food.
4. In what ways does this bird make use of the "safety first" principle?
5. At one time he served as a "weather prophet." In what way?
6. Tell of his size, colors, and song.
7. Describe the great blue herons' mating dance.

8. Where and of what are the nests usually made?
9. Tell of the color, number, and size of eggs.
10. Should this beautiful bird be protected? Give at least two reasons for your answer.

HANDY MATERIAL

Of all clean birds ye shall eat.

But these are they of which ye shall not eat; the eagle, and the ossifrage, and the ospray.

And the stork, and the heron after her kind, and the lapwing and the bat.—Deuteronomy, 14.

Many birds have been named in imitation of the sounds they produce. The black crow squawks, "crow, crow;" the wise owl says, "ow-l, ow-l;" the cheery bob-white calls, "bob-white, bob-white;" the little chickadee chirps, "chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee;" and so on with many others. In all probability the herons secured their name in similar fashion, for the word, her-on, bears a striking likeness to the harsh cry uttered by these lanky birds.

Of the herons found in the United States, the best known are the snowy, black-crowned night, green, and the blue. There are two blue herons and both are named from their predominating ashy-blue feathers. One inhabits the warm regions of the southern states and the other is found scattered quite generally throughout our entire country and also in the warmer parts of Canada. The former measures from twenty-two to twenty-six inches in length while the latter is ordinarily about twice that long. To distinguish them apart, the southern bird is named the *little blue* while the other is called the *great blue heron*. Indeed, the great blue is not only the larger of these two, but the largest of all herons found in the United States.

These and kindred birds have long, loose plumage, and among their ordinary feathers are patches of fine, downy feathers whose frayed tips break into a powder and disappear. The various groups are distinguished one from another by the number of these peculiar powder-down patches. There are three of such on the great blue and other real herons.

The great blue heron, often but erroneously called the blue crane or sand-hill crane, is common to various parts of Utah. He is usually seen standing perfectly still in shallow water awaiting the appearance of some fish or other object with which to appease his voracious appetite. His choicest morsel is small fish, but he is very fond of frogs, crayfish, field mice, little snakes, and various sorts of insects. His quick eye, his easy, graceful walk, and his long toes, legs, neck, and bill fit him perfectly for wading and fishing, and in consequence as a fisherman he ranks among the most skilful. Seldom, indeed, does a detected fish escape the quick thrust of his long bill. On coming from the

water the fish is invariably clutched crosswise in the bill, but with an interesting, dexterous twirl the heron throws his victim into the air and then catches and swallows it, head first, in a manner surpassing the feat of any alert juggler.

When hunger is satisfied, the wary fisherman makes for the shore or bank and there usually rests in the shadow of some quiet reeds, bush, or tree. With neck retracted and head resting between shoulders, he stands like a solitary statue in his chosen place of seclusion. His motionless position together with sober colors blending so admirably with those of his surroundings render him so difficult to detect that even the most practiced eye often misses him.

In case of sudden disturbance by an unexpected gunner, the motionless bird immediately changes to one of intense action. With but little ceremony he disgorges his heavy meal, utters a harsh, squawking cry, and flaps into the air. Under such conditions a frightened heron has been known to disgorge as many as ten good-sized fishes. When we consider the weight of these in comparison with that of the heron's four or five pound body we readily see the advantage in thus unloading before attempting the hurried flight. With the heron, as with most other birds, it is "safety first," meals and the like are an after consideration.

The great blue heron's flight is graceful and stately. While in air, his head, neck, body, and legs are held in a straight line and his broad wings, with easy flaps, give a speed that "seems the effect of magic."

In olden days, people quite generally held to the notion that if the heron's flight was noticeably up-stream stormy weather was sure to follow, but if he traveled in the opposite direction the weather was bound to be fair. Even today many country folk of our eastern and southern states cling to this tradition notwithstanding the fact that observing men have long since demonstrated that the ordinary food-getting flights of these birds have nothing whatever to do with the functions of our weather bureau.

This picturesque heron stands three feet high and his slender legs appear hardly sufficient to support his seemingly bulky body. But as already suggested, his body is in reality very light, though covered with a loose coat of somewhat lengthy feathers which give it the appearance of having considerable weight.

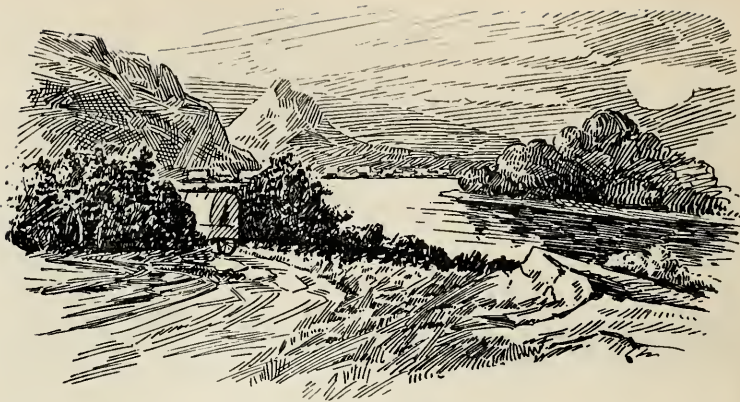
The feathers covering his back and wings are of a beautiful bluish-gray color, while those of his under parts are white with blackish markings. The shoulder feathers are somber black with streaks of cheery white, and those covering his sinewy thighs as well as edging his broad wings are of a pleasing cinnamon brown. Those of the neck are buffy blue and of the head almost pure white. Through this white, two interesting streaks of black pass from bill backward, one along each side of the head, and meet in

a long, slender, decorative plume pointing gracefully towards the bird's back.

As with most other birds, the male heron is somewhat larger than the female and during the mating season his markings are more pronounced and his coloring more beautiful than are those of the "gentler sex." During this season, the males seem very proud of their charming attire and resort to various schemes to show off before the lady birds. A common practice they have is to induce the females to join in flight to some secluded spot where all form a ring ready for a peculiar "folk dance." Each male bird, in his turn, enters the circle and does his level best to please the lady spectators. He side steps, skips, flaps his wings, curves his neck, and executes all sorts of fancy maneuvers "while the lady birds express their approval by deep croaks, something like a bull-frog's, and the envious cocks keep up a running fire of remarks in the rasping tones of a horse-fiddle." Only one performer dances at a time. When through with his comical antics, he retires to the ring and is followed by the next. This is kept up until every male has "displayed his accomplishments and good looks before the lady birds," after which, of course, the delighted females are in much better position to select their desired mates. It is needless to say the fellows making the "greatest hit" become the "ladies' men" and find match-making with coveted females a comparatively easy matter.

The great, flat, bulky nests made of sticks and lined with reeds and grasses are ordinarily built in high trees along streams or back in isolated swamps. The tree nests are in the highest branches and often number as many as ten or twelve to the tree. However, in treeless localities such as Bird Island, the heron adapts himself to circumstances and builds its nest upon the ground in the sparse shade afforded by sagebrush, greasewood, or the like. From three to five beautiful greenish-blue eggs make a sitting.

The heron's fondness for fish and his marked ability as a fisherman have prevented protective legislation for him, but recent study is tending to the conclusion that the good he does as a field mouser at least offsets the little harm, if any, he does to our fish industry. His solitary presence and familiar ker-awk add to the charms of our desert streams and lakes. He is a bird of the poet and the historian and his welcome appearance seems to put one in sympathetic touch with remote places and great men of past ages. So let us do what we can to protect him for the enjoyment of future generations.



The Utah Pioneers

Sweep thou the harp, O Muse of Deseret,
Strike loud and clear, nor ever once forget
To hail with music and repeated cheers
That noble band, the Utah Pioneers.
Perceive them fleeing from their loved Nauvoo,
Turn, on the hills, their ruined homes to view;
Face, with fast purpose, the wild wilderness,
Their old and sick with tender care caress.

But dwell not on their pains and wrongs too free;
These came to give them strength and liberty—
They stretched their cities o'er the dreary plain,
Toiled, built,—for work relieves the troubled brain.
Nor yet forgot the simpler, rural sports:
Song, dance, the looks that twine the youthful hearts;
Here love and virtue found congenial room,—
The flowers of home, that made their deserts bloom.

The good All Father, as they knelt to pray,
Was ever worshiped on their pilgrim way.
Death scored his triumphs 'mongst the young and old
With graves unmarked upon the desert mould.
Hail to these dead, among that noble band,
Sing sweet their requiem in the promised land.
And tune the harp to that selected band,
With Brigham, leader, mouth, and guiding hand;

A statesman stern, yet husband, father mild,
Commander great, yet playful as a child.
A perfect reader of the human mind,
Who gave to each as each deserved in kind;
Exposed deep truths that built the sovereign state,
Then taught men how to plant and irrigate.
Told how to live, adjusted faults that rise,
Then turned to wrest rare wisdom from the skies.

Such was the leader of the pioneers,
Whose name grows greater with advancing years.
His men—selected for their special worth,
To conquer trouble and subdue the earth,
To found a home in the untrodden West,
To gain their freedom, and their loved ones rest,
Their mission finished,—did their work and well,—
How truly perfect, let our comfort tell.

Like some life-giving stream, by unseen hand,
 They passed the plains to touch the desert sand;
 To quench the drought of centuries; the gloom
 Of thirsty wastes, to give to life and bloom.
 The God of peace their plodding footsteps 'tend,
 As westward still their conquering course they bend;
 Behind lie plains, streams, rocks, bluffs, daily care,
 Before, the hope that every soul would share:

The hope of rest, and dream of home,—the oil
 That soothes the sores of overburdened toil.
 Deep in the defiles of the rugged hills,
 They swing the ax, and drink from cooling rills.
 Sounds of new life which snow-capped peaks retell
 Burst on the stillness of the sleeping dell.
 "The van of civilization's westward sweep"
 Has waked the desert from its troubled sleep.

The pent-up feelings of the Pioneers
 Find sight in vision, and a voice in cheers;
 From peak to peak their echoed voices ring,
 Till stream and lake their happy chorus sing.
 They see the dawning of an era new,
 Whose rising light shines on their startled view:
 The wild man, wolf, the coyote and the snake,
 Yield us the room our lasting homes to make.

See hamlets, towns and greater cities rise,
 With schools and temples towering to the skies.
 These chambered vales abound with busy marts;
 Here music lives with all her kindred arts.
 Vales, lakes, and hills, their hidden treasures give;
 See legions thrive, where men said none could live.
 The vision closed, but many prospects seen
 Are realized through years that intervene.

We view the labors of these many years
 With their results, their turmoils, strifes and tears,—
 But over all, our heroes' virtues please
 Like sunset glories on our inland seas:
 True courage, honest work, and faith in God;
 Add then to these, the path of duty trod:
 Works which the children of the new-born state
 May cherish in their lives, and emulate.

So shall our course still on and upward be,
 As rolling years repeat our Jubilee.

EDWARD H. ANDERSON





BY H. R. MERRILL

The mercury had risen to the vicinity of the proverbial "ninety in the shade" when Frederick West and Will Richards merged from the little, one-horse post office each bearing a readdressed letter in his hand. Smiles wreathed their hot, perspiring faces as they walked down the road impatiently tearing the ends from the envelopes.

"It's a letter from home," Will said, as he glanced once more at the address. "Mother's writing, sure."

"Mine, too, comes from home, but it isn't mother's writing," West replied, as he drew the neatly folded letter from its linen envelope.

They were elders—of course, you guessed the moment the post office, the re-addressed letters, and the temperature, were mentioned,—but then, I wished to make doubly sure that you knew these boys. That they were elders you would have guessed had you seen them, just as the aged postmaster did when he handed out those two tell-tale letters. The elders wore the regulation garb which was also an index to their occupation, but they wore that garb in such different ways that one might not have noticed that their clothing was at all alike. Frederick West was tall and slim and straight, and had a sort of thoroughbred atmosphere about him. He was good looking, as neat as a long walk on a hot day would permit the most fastidious to be, and wore glasses. He was young, city bred, and educated. His companion was almost his antonym in all these things, except that he, too, was young. Will Richards was not city bred, was not educated—in the book sense,—was not good looking, and that "thoroughbreds" ever existed would not have been suggested by his gait. Somehow his clothes, though substantial, seemed to be out of joint somewhere. Besides, his derby hat was pushed back on his forehead in a manner that suggested maple-covered foothills and endless miles of sage-covered flats, open air, freedom. His hair was light, luxuriant, as it swept away from his tanned and somewhat freckled face in damp, glistening waves. His eyes were blue, and around them were tiny suggestions of myriads of laughing wrinkles which aided somewhat in redeeming the rather homely face. Fastidious

was not in Will's vocabulary, to the great mortification of his more careful companion.

"Glory, glory," Will cried out, as he drew his letter from the envelope, "here's a real, live, full-blooded ten spot! Surely the ravens came in the hour of my extremity. Now I can have a pair of trousers and will not have to depend so much upon a bounteous coat tail for protection."

He held the greenback up before the eyes of his companion.

"Good for you," Frederick replied, as he glanced down at the well worn trousers of his friend. "I believe you do need a new pair rather badly."

"It is from mother," Will replied, as he glanced up from the written page, an added glister in his eyes. "She says she earned that money all herself by doing some washing for a gang of men who are surveying near home. It's almost like the water from Jacob's well. What ought a man not do for his mother!"

He resumed his reading and the two walked slowly down the road, side by side, the Thoroughbred and—what shall I say—the Belgian.

The sun was almost down when they drew near to their destination. The day had been extremely warm and they had walked far. The clang of the bells and the screech of the whistles in the railroad yards were plainly audible, although the muddy waters of the mighty Missouri rolled between them and the city. As they reached the stream they could see far out near the middle of the railroad bridge a man sitting on the projecting ties.

"I wonder if we can cross this bridge? There's a man way out there. If he can, we can. It would save us nearly a mile's walk," Richards said, as he started out upon the bridge.

"What if a train should come along while we are out in the middle?" West asked, pausing where the good old earth ceased to reach up through the ties.

"Oh, we could lie down beside the rails and would not get hurt. Come on, let's cross it. What do you say?"

"All right, go ahead," his companion answered, "a mile looks big to me tonight."

They started out, picking their way carefully over the ties, the muddy water far, far below surging and swirling underneath the bridge.

"Ticklish job, this," Richards suggested as he glanced back at his companion who was exercising great care in his choice of steps.

"I should say as much. I can feel a sort of dizziness now," West replied. "The water down there reminds me of a laughing, gloating shark that is about to grab one. I'm glad these ties are so close together."

As they approached the figure on the bridge they could see

that it was a man sitting dejectedly near its edge. As they drew closer they could see that he was ragged and dirty, a typical box-car tourist. He sat looking down at the waters as if fascinated. As they passed on their tedious journey he looked up for a moment, his bleary, discouraged eyes deadened with dissipation.

The two elders looked at him closely. He seemed so forlorn, so low, so worthless, as he sat hunched over on the ties. However, there was something wistful, something sad in his face as he watched the vigorous, clean young men pass. Once he impulsively half extended his hand, then let it drop dejectedly at his side as he turned back to the river with a gesture of despair.

When the elders had gone a short distance, Richards stopped and waited for his companion to catch up.

"Poor kid," he said compassionately. "Looked awfully discouraged, didn't he?"

"Oh, he's drunk. He'll soon be all right."

"Yes, he's sure drunk. Poor kid.—Isn't over twenty, is he?"

"I think not," West replied, as he took up his labored walk once more. "We'd better be getting across this bridge before a train comes."

"I wonder if we could help that fellow," Will said, as he stood looking back at the stranger. "I'm afraid he'll get run over if he stays there."

"Never fear," the city man answered, "can't kill such as he; besides, I don't know that he would be missed much. Come along."

"You can never tell how much he'd be missed. Why, he's only a kid, like each of us." He remembered the letter tucked away in his inside pocket with that precious ten-dollar bill, a feeble expression of a mother's undying love, wrapped in it. "Maybe he has a mother and father somewhere who are missing him, right now. I'm going back and see if I can't get him off of this dangerous bridge,"

"Pshaw, he won't come; he's a drunk. Don't be so sentimental," West called back over his shoulder, never slacking his pace as he made for solid ground and safety.

Richards walked back and gently touched the ragged man on the shoulder, "I beg pardon, sir," he said politely, "but you seem to be in trouble. Can I help you?"

It was a frank, boyish offer of good fellowship straight from a frank, boyish heart.

"No," the other replied shortly and somewhat thickly.

"It's rather dangerous to remain here. A train might come along any moment and there is none too much room. Won't you come with me? I'll help you."

The stranger turned and looked at the young westerner for a moment in sodden surprise. Richards was more determined than

ever to get the fellow safely off from the bridge, for he could see that he was younger than he at first thought, not over eighteen: and there was something about the lad that distinguished him from the ordinary tramp. He was not by birth a "low brow" at any rate. As he looked into the somewhat bloated face of the youngster the tears began to trickle down the grimy cheeks.

"Go wan," the forlorn one commanded in a tear-choked, drunken voice, "I don't need no help."

"But you might get run over by the train, or you might fall off the bridge."

"What if I should?" the other replied sullenly, as he resumed his original attitude. "Nobody'd care, not even me."

"Oh, yes, somebody would care," Richard replied coaxingly, hoping to touch the liquor-soaked brain in some way. "Your mother, too, what of her? Don't you think she'd care? She's probably wondering where you are right now."

At the mention of his mother the lad leaned his head against his ragged arm as his body shook with sobs.

"That's just it. That's why I'm out here," he replied, brokenly, "I'm not fit to be wondered about; look at me."

He turned and faced the young elder.

"Look at me," he reiterated, "what mother would want me? I'm a disgrace to her and to myself. I came out here to end it all. I was just ready to jump off when you came along so I waited until you passed. Now, go on and leave me. You see danger is what I'm looking for."

"You have a mother, then?" Richards asked, catching at the one thing that might succeed in winning this lost sheep away from himself. "Where does she live?"

"She lives up north."

"Why not go back to her?" pleadingly.

"Like this? No. I love my mother, stranger; my, but she's been good to me all my life. She used to be proud of me, too, before I came to this accursed city. No, I couldn't go back like this," he added brokenly, "it would break her heart."

"But suppose, friend, you carry out your intentions. What of your dear, old mother then? If they find your body and she hears of your awful death, do you think she will be pleased? Her son a suicide! The boy whom she had loved and nurtured for so many years, a coward, a disgrace! And if they do not find you, think of the heart aches, the sorrow of all those coming years while she is waiting for your return, wondering where you can be, and why you have neglected her so. Surely you could not be so cruel."

"What can I do? I can't go back like this, I cannot remain in this accursed place."

"Where is your home?"

"Way up in Minnesota,—St. Paul, Minnesota."

"You come with me, I have a little money. You go home to your mother."

"I can't. I could not disgrace her so. She would be ashamed of me."

"You're mistaken. Your mother would welcome you with out-stretched arms. There is no depth so low that cannot be reached by a mother's love. Come on."

He gently took the lad by the arm and half led him along the bridge. When they reached the shore, they found Elder West waiting for them. West looked at the ragged lad in illconcealed disgust, then he turned to his companion, a look of inquiry in his dark eyes.

"I'm going with this boy to the station to see him off. He's going home," Richards said, answering the other's look.

"Well, I'll meet you at the palace, then," West replied, as he started to walk away, "I don't believe it is necessary for me to see your friend off."

Richards attempted to cheer his companion as they walked along in the direction of the station. The lad was dejected, altogether miserable, and sick. But what was worse he could not but see the look of pain in his mother's eyes when she should see his condition. His self-respect was almost nil.

As they entered the business section of the city, Richards said, "Now, we'll find a restaurant, clean up a bit and have a good dinner, after which we'll go to the station and get your ticket."

It was dark when the two entered the union station. The strange lad was almost a new creature. His face was clean, his clothes were brushed, and his eyes, though somewhat bloodshot, were steady and almost clear.

Richards stepped up to the agent's office and asked for a ticket to St. Paul, Minnesota."

"How much?" he asked, as the agent stamped the ticket.

"Eight dollars."

Richards handed over the change.

"Here you are," he said as he gave the stranger the ticket.

"This will take you home."

The lad grasped the elder's hand warmly, "God bless you," he said, huskily, "I never can thank you for what you have done for me. I hope we shall meet again."

"I hope so," Richards answered. "Kiss your mother for me. You be good to her. Here's the train."

"Good-bye," the stranger said earnestly, as he shook his benefactor's hand once more.

"Good-bye," Richards called, as the lad entered the train.

When the last car was lost in the darkness and only the red

signal lights looked back at him, the elder turned to seek his companion.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he found the rooming house where they were to meet. Elder West was sitting by the dresser writing when he entered. He looked up from his paper with a smile on his face.

"Well, Elder Richards, what did your experience cost you?" he asked, sarcastically.

"About eight dollars," Will answered.

"Expensive, wasn't it? I'm surprised that you would allow yourself to be caught by a tramp in that fashion."

"He wasn't an ordinary tramp. W'y he was only a kid, and I felt sorry for him."

"Do you think you got your eight dollars' worth of satisfaction? What about those new trousers now?"

"Can't have them," Will replied ruefully, "I'll have to have a tailor fix these up tomorrow. I suppose he'll have a pair I can slip on while he does it."

"Willie, you're a lamb," his companion bantered. "That was a nice little fleece that our friend of the box-car relieved you of. I think I'll go to bed."

Richards opened his grip and took out his writing material, and before retiring wrote a letter to his mother.

"DEAR MOTHER: I received that long, precious greenback today, also the sweet letter that came with it. Do you know, mother dear, a letter from you is better than a full meal to me. I devour it bodily—Oh, not the paper and ink, you know, just the tender words. Don't you know, when I read of how you obtained that greenback I just couldn't see the page for a moment—you're such a dear, dear mother I thought of David of old when his friends brought him his long desired water at such a great risk, such toil and sacrifice on their part, and I almost felt as David did. The money was not really ten dollars—it was far more precious. It was the outward expression of a great love.

"I suppose you'll think me very foolish when I tell you that I gave nearly all of it away, but I hope you won't think me ungrateful or unappreciative, I saw a young fellow on a railroad bridge. He looked so forlorn, so dejected, and discouraged that I got him to go to the station with me, and I bought him a ticket and sent him home to his mother. The ticket cost eight dollars. My companion asked me if I got my money's worth. What do you think?

"I needed a pair of trousers rather badly, but I couldn't bear the thought of spending that money on such ordinary things as trousers, anyway. I'll have my old ones mended; they'll last me a long time yet.

"I hope you'll understand, mother dear, good-night.

"Your loving son,

"WILL."

Three months' later Elder Richards was transferred to a conference away up in Minnesota. He was growing in faith and

power day by day. His great heart and his earnest desire to help all humanity had made him one of the best elders in the field. The bigness of his own dear mountains was in his soul.

One night he and his new companion selected a favorable corner in St. Paul and held a rousing street meeting. Nearly four hundred people assembled and listened respectfully to the words of truth that fell from the young elder's lips.

Elder Richards spoke last. His earnestness and his natural eloquence touched the hearts of those who listened. After the dismissal of the meeting several men gathered around the elders and shook them cordially by the hands. Elder Richards was preparing to leave the corner when a well dressed young fellow elbowed his way through the crowd and seized his hand.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you!" he exclaimed heartily, his face working with emotion. "I've been praying that you would come here."

"Young man, I'm glad to meet you," Richards replied, "but really you have the advantage of me. I think we have never met before."

"Oh, yes, we have," the other answered, smiling. "Don't you remember meeting a ragged tramp on a bridge spanning the Missouri?"

"Yes, I do remember such an incident."

"I am that man. You come with me. My old mother has been praying that some day she might meet you face to face. I told her all, you see. I have never taken a drop of liquor since that day. Come on, there's a welcome waiting for you out home such as you have not had for years."

"Isn't it too late to go out tonight?" Richards asked as he looked at his watch. "It's nearly nine, you see."

"Not at all, not at all," the other cried, heartily. "It can not be too late nor too early. Come on, and you and your companion may stay with us all night."

It was nearly ten o'clock when the trio alighted from a car out in the suburbs. The young stranger led them to a neat little house standing a short distance back from the street. Vines twined around the window, and from the side of the path came the faint, sweet perfume of roses.

"Mother's flowers," Richards mentally asserted, as he passed up the walk to the door.

The stranger flung the door open and cried, "Mother, here he is at last!"

Richards stepped in to meet a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady who rose from her rocking chair to greet him.

"My son," she cried, in a tender voice as she reached her hands out to the embarrassed westerner. "Welcome home, my son!"

A mist came before the elder's eyes, and he seemed to see—not a stranger but the well loved form of his own mother before him. Impulsively he reached out and took the old lady in his arms.

"Mother," he whispered, as he touched the gray head upon his breast reverently with his lips.

Somehow the sarcastic question asked by the fastidious Elder West seemed to ring in his ears, as he stood there: "Do you think you got your eights dollars' worth of satisfaction?"

He looked down at the happy, tear-stained face of the old lady who had released herself from his arms, and then over to the straight, handsome, clean, young man who was standing near.

"Yes, a thousand fold!" he murmured to himself. "Ay, a thousand fold!"

PRESTON, IDAHO

Effects of the War upon the English People

BY ELDER J. M. SJODAHL

Among the leaders in the religious world there is at present some discussion concerning the probable effects of the war upon the views of the people. Many are becoming discouraged with the sectarian churches. A young English clergyman is said to have left the Presbyterian church, because he has become convinced that its teachings are impractical and, therefore, useless. He is quoted as follows:

"This world order in which war is inherent, the church exists to transform. Consequently when the church ranges itself in support of the method of war it is not only proclaiming its own failure, but it is hauling down its own flag and hoisting instead the flag of the world. It is giving its case away and 'queering its own pitch.' Christian leaders who have given their blessing to this war will be hard put to it at the close of the war to meet the arguments of the militarists. They have in this instance subscribed to the doctrine of force, and it will be used in evidence against them."

It is claimed that four thousand young men and women in England have severed their connection with churches on account of the war, and have formed an organization of their own, called the Fellowship of Reconciliation. One of the leaders in this movement says:

"What we desire is that the church may take her rightful place when the war is over, and may at last proclaim a living message with prophetic power, a message which shall direct the minds of men to those great truths in obedience to which the health of the nations is to be found. What they fear is that she may lose her chance of proclaiming that message then, because now she has not spoken with the note of reality and conviction, and because she has not dared to face the full meaning of the problem involved in this war."

This sentiment is growing. Honest men and women are becoming convinced of the total failure of the churches to bring salvation to the world. They are beginning to realize that it is true that the churches have gone astray, though they, probably, would again crucify the prophet Joseph for saying it.

We have had some talk in newspapers and magazines about the "sobering" influence of the war, and how it has driven people "to God." They have told us about prayer meetings and the distribution of Bibles, etc., but it is now apparent fervor has cooled. Repentance at the muzzle of a gun has proved as fleeting as a summer cloud. A German scientist has recently said that the war had settled one thing forever, namely, the absurdity of talking about "the goodness and fatherly nature of God."

Such are some of the views and sentiments inspired by this terrible conflict. Such are some of the straws indicating the direction of the wind. The Spirit of the Lord is certainly striving with the nations and causing thinking men and women everywhere to see the absurdity of building upon a foundation of sham and hypocrisy, such as that on which the churches of the world depend for their very existence. But the foolishness of questioning God's goodness, because man in his rebellion has brought disaster upon himself!

Would to God that the people of the world would embrace the gospel. That would cure all ills, and bring peace among nations, peace in industrial circles, peace in the family, and peace in the heart.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND,

RESTRAINING HANDS



By
ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN
CARROLL

Tom Clayton sat with his books by the small window of his eight by ten third story room. As he glanced out he saw Rockie Newland, Free Porter and Ned Rogers with their tennis rackets, turning in at the house. He remembered his promise to play off the tie with which the four had left the court the day before, so he flung his books on his desk and slipped into his coat. He wasn't half ready for the exam. in chemistry that was coming the next day, and he felt like he ought to stay and study, but it was something for a poor fellow like him to have friends like Rockie and Ned and Free, and he didn't want them to think he was nothing but a grind. They had been mighty nice to him ever since he turned the inter-class track meet into a sophomore victory the year before and since he had become a member of the 'Varsity Track Team he had found himself more popular than ever. The fellows had tried repeatedly to induce him to leave the cheap boarding house where he tended furnace to pay for his lodgings, and join their fraternity. They knew he was poor and was making his way through college and they had intimated that his part of the expense would not matter. They were sons of millionaires and could make it up without missing it. But Tom had soon convinced them that it *did matter* to him. He appreciated their intentions, but he couldn't "sponge" and keep his self-respect. So he had stayed on at the second class rooming house, but had gratefully accepted their friendship, being proud to be seen with the real swells of the college, even though he could not imitate their extravagant habits and easy manners.

"Ready, Tom?" called Rockie as Tom came down the stairs. Just then the postman stepped to the door.

"Register for Mr. Clayton," he said.

"I'll be there in a minute," Tom told them as he quickly signed the receipt and took the bulky envelope. He looked at it curiously. He was expecting a letter from home, but this was not from father. He studied the post mark. It was from New York City. From whom could it be? He slipped back up to

*The IMPROVEMENT ERA prize story for April.

his room, still turning the letter over and over in his hands. When he was alone he tore the envelope open with a quick movement and pulled out the contents. Then he stood staring at



"He felt dizzy. What could it mean?"

what he held in his hands. There were a couple of folded papers and—a handful of greenbacks! He turned them over incredulously. His eye caught the figures in the corner of the one on top. It was one hundred dollars. He felt dizzy. What could it mean? Was he dreaming? With an effort he collected his surprised senses and sat down to his desk. His fingers shook as he unfolded one of the papers.

"My dear Nephew," it began. Wonderingly Tom turned to the end of the letter. It was signed, "George Clayton."

Yes, he remembered vaguely that he had heard of an Uncle George, his father's older brother. He recalled the almost forgotten story of their estrangement when his father had joined the Church and gone to Utah years ago. That is about all he had ever heard of this uncle. Curiously he turned again to the beginning of the letter and read:

"Bellevue Hospital, New York City, March 20, 19—.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW: Doubtless you will be surprised to receive this letter. Perhaps you have never heard of me. I am the brother of your father, Thomas Clayton, who went to Utah in 1868. We had a quarrel at that time which foolishly left us as strangers.

"A fortnight ago I went to Madison Square Garden to see the Spring Inter-Collegiate Track Meet. I was naturally interested when I saw your name scheduled on the score card to represent Cornell in the mile run. I enquired about you of some of the Cornell officials and found that you were from Utah. Your strong resemblance to your father had already made me sure you were his son.

"It was with a good deal of family pride that I saw you nose ahead of Yale and Harvard and Princeton, and with that last plucky sprint take the tape. I intended to hunt you out after the meet and take you home with me, but in the crush afterwards—well perhaps you read of the automobile accident. I was in the smashup and have been here at the hospital ever since.

"At first they thought it was all up with me, then later gave me some hope. But yesterday unlooked for complications set in, and now they tell me I'll have to have an operation and there is nothing sure about a recovery. It doesn't really matter much, I'm getting old and never had much to live for—that is, no family, you see. I've been

thinking how different it would seem if I had a boy like you. Your face has stayed with me, and I've been thinking a good deal about you the last few days. I had hoped to become your friend—and maybe see your father again some day. It looks as if that may not be.

"I have a little wad I've made here in New York. I learned from the Cornell men I talked with that you are working your way through school. I like your pluck. That's like your father.

"In the morning I take my chance. If I pull through I'll let you know and we'll see each other soon. If I don't—well, it doesn't really matter much to me—and I'm leaving my little 'pile' to help you through college. Good bye.

"Sincerely your uncle,

"GEORGE CLAYTON."

Tom read the letter through again before he could fully realize what it meant. Then he looked at the money on the desk. Slowly he counted it. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—one-hundred-dollar bills and there was a certificate for nine hundred dollars more. He could scarcely believe his eyes. It was more money than he had seen or ever hoped to see in his life. It was almost as much as Rockie and Free boasted of spending each year. Why, he was almost in the same class with the fellows of the Chi Psi now. He could join the Frat! That was his first thought. He felt his head go up and his chest expand with added self-importance. He counted the money once more, then unfolded the other document. It was simply a statement from his uncle's lawyer, stating that George Clayton had died subsequent to an operation and that upon his request the enclosed money and letter were being forwarded and that the certificate could be redeemed at any time at the First National Bank of New York City.

"Hello, there, Tom. You must have found something mighty interesting in that registered letter. Don't you know you're holding back that game? Come down and justify yourself," called Rockie from the lower hall. Tom sprang to his feet, gathering up the bills and letters, and ran down to them.

"Does this justify me?" he exclaimed excitedly, exhibiting his wealth. "Of course it may not look much to you guys who have never had to learn the value of a dollar, but to a pauper like me—Jove, I feel as rich as Cræsus." Hurriedly he explained his newly acquired wealth. The fellows gathered around him with genuine congratulations and in a moment carried him off toward the tennis courts.

"Say, boys, we'll have to have a bang-up spree tonight in honor of old Tom's luck," drawled Rockie.

"Sure thing," assented the others.

"There's a corker of a show on at the Star," remembered Ned. "Lutra Warner, you know, in the 'Little Devil.' Then

we'll go to the Dutch afterwards. You've never been to the Dutch, have you, Clayton?"

"No," Tom admitted, ashamed that he was so unsophisticated.

"We'll initiate you tonight, then," laughed Free.

"And afterwards we might take a spin over to Cortland," added Rockie. "It's time old Tom cut his eye teeth. You haven't tasted real college life. All you've had is the grind. I'll take that in diluted doses, for mine.

"No danger of Rockie taking anything like work in concentrated doses," jibed Ned.

"What about yourself? I've never come as near bursting out as you did last semester. You managed to miss every blamed 'prelim,' but I'll bet you didn't miss one show. Wine, women and song: those are the three planks in Ned's platform."

"Mighty fine planks," agreed Rogers, blowing a ring of smoke from his cigar.

"Here Tom, have a smoke. I just got a box of fresh cigars," Ned offered. Tom had been offered cigars many times before but had always refused, as he had the other treats the fellows had tried to impose upon him. Now he hesitated. Most of the fellows smoked. He had grown to like the smell of a good cigar, and it looked classy.

"I don't smoke, you know," he began uncertainly, "but—"

"But you will now, of course," Ned finished for him. "I wouldn't smoke either if I had to use any this or that. But there's nothing like a good old cigar. Try one."

Tom took one from the case and lighted it. Strangely enough as he did so his mind flew back to a little room in the old church at home where he used to go to Sunday school, and he saw an awkward, eager-faced lad of adolescent age sitting with wide eyes and open mouth listening to an idolized Sunday school teacher. "How many of you boys can promise me never to poison your bodies with tobacco?" And Tom saw the hand of the awkward lad shoot up and a look of boyish resolve light his face. The memory held him, and the cigar smouldered in his hand, half-way to his lips.

"How does it go?" asked Rockie, all unconscious of the mental conflict going on beside him.

"Fine!" Tom replied, and he inwardly called himself a fool as he shook himself from the past and slipped the cigar into his mouth.

"You'll come to the Frat now, of course," said Free as if the subject permitted of no discussion. "The suite between mine and Rockie's is empty. Old Smiler got 'busted out' last term you know. You might just as well have been in it months ago if you weren't so duced independent. It's the right kind of sports

we're after and it doesn't matter so much about the dough as you seemed to think."

"We're mighty glad for you, though," put in Rockie, "that your uncle came through with the dough. It must be hell to have to scrimp and grind like some of the poor dogs do."

"It is," agreed Tom, blowing clouds of smoke into the air almost as carelessly as Rockie. He had pushed the disconcerting picture of the moment before into the background.

"Say, old sport, I want you to come home with me during the spring vacation," said Free. "Old New York's not so slow a place to sport around in for a week. There's a bunch of good shows coming, and I know lots of swell girls."

Tom's spirits were rising to the occasion. How different it would be to go to New York as Free's guest with his pockets full of money, to the way he had gone a month ago with the team with small provision for side expenses.

They had reached the tennis court and were soon busy with the game. Tom and Free played Rockie with Ned, and were badly beaten in each of the three sets they played.

"Tom's off color today," growled Free good-naturedly. "His luck's gone to his head. Wait till he recovers and we'll show you a different looking score." They left the court and started from the campus.

"Come on over to the house with us now," invited Rockie. "It's nearly dinner time. You can get your traps tomorrow." Tom had started to turn off toward the cheap cafeteria where he usually took his meals.

"All right, I guess I will," replied Tom, feeling like he was about to enter a new world.

How unreal and impossible it all seemed, as he followed his friends up the broad steps to the imposing entrance of the magnificent Chi Psi. The big fraternity house stood with its wide balconies, great glistening windows, and innumerable gables on a picturesque cliff jutting out over Cascadilla gorge. Green lawns and well kept shrubs surrounded it, while the crystal waters of Cascadilla tumbled in sparkling falls below.

As in a dream Tom entered the broad hall. Spacious reading rooms and dens opened invitingly. His feet fell noiselessly upon rich velvet rugs. Beautiful paintings hung on the walls, and heavy curtains draped the windows. He caught a glimpse of the long dining room with its cut glass and shining silverware. Savory odors reached him as he was led past the dining room up the wide stairs. And this was to be his home now! He could always live in a place like this! It seemed like a paradise compared with the dingy quarters he had left. Ned had been right. *It was hell to be poor.*

"Here you are. How do you like it?" Rockie had led the

way down a wide corridor of the second floor and flung open a door on the left.

"My rooms are next there, and Ned's the door we just passed. Free 'hangs up' across the hall down in the other corner. I think you know most of the fellows. There's Burns and Sherwood, and the Durrants and Peters and Blakesly and a few others. They'll all be glad you've come." Tom went in. He still felt dazed. To think that these rooms were to take the place of his eight by ten. He felt like he was Alladin and had just rubbed his wonderful lamp.

"Which will you have, Tom, champagne or sherry?" They were finishing dinner. Rockie held two glasses toward him.

"I—I—"

"Well, say, try both, then you'll know." The two glasses were placed beside his plate. Tom lifted one in his hand. He had never tasted wine before. Thoughts of the forgotten past again struggled in his memory. He was in Mutual back in the familiar church at home. A returned missionary, now the Junior class leader, was giving an eloquent address on the curse of drink. The talk had stirred Tom's young soul. He sat spell-bound thinking that he would give anything in the world to be able to talk like that; to do the good that Brother Daniels was doing. He remembered how he thrilled at the young man's appealing words: "Boys, remember that your being is God's greatest gift. Are you going to keep it pure, your body and your soul,



"The waiter approached with loaded trays. 'Hurray! A keg of beer for the four of us.'"

as it was when the Father gave it to you, or are you going to let it be shattered by the curse of drink; the curse of drink which has brought more misery and want and crime into the world than any other thing?"

With an impatient shrug Tom banished the memory. What nonsense at a time like this. With a forced laugh he lifted the glass to his lips and drained it. Then he emptied the other.

"They're both pretty 'moreish'," he laughed, turning to his friends.

"Have another," drawled Rockie, reaching to refill his glass. "This is your night, you know." The spirit of recklessness had taken possession of Tom.

"I don't care if I do," he said, and he gulped down another glass.

"Come on fellows, it's nearly show time. You know we're going to celebrate old Tom's luck," and Free led the way from the table. Soon they were marching down Buffalo street, recklessly singing:

"Hurrah!
A keg of beer for the four of us!
Glorious!
That there are no more of us!"

When they entered the theatre Tom insisted on buying the tickets for the crowd. He handed over one of his hundred dollar bills and heard the ticket seller count out as much as he usually spent for a month's board. But, it gave him only a sense of pride.

The show was a light musical comedy and some parts of it brought the blood rushing to Tom's cheeks, but he applauded as boisterously as any of them and told himself that he was having the time of his life.

When the opera was over the boys went noisily across the street to the brightly lighted Dutch Kitchen. A number of groups of fellows were already around part of the tables, laughing and joking in various stages of sobriety. A band was playing lively music from a balcony in the far end of the room. Tom noticed that the hands of the big clock pointed to twelve. He thought uncomfortably of his coming examination. It had always been his pride to make good grades. A waiter stepped up for their orders.

"Order up boys," Tom said, picking up a menu card and looking over the unintelligible bill of fare. The others were glibly giving their orders for meats and cocktails. Tom followed their example.

"Say, fellows," he said, as they sat waiting, "I have a beast of an exam. in Chem. tomorrow. How do you suppose I'll make it?"

"Why, sluff it," advised Rockie easily. "We all do. Then we tutor for a make-up when the finals get a little nearer." Tom was grateful for this solution to his problem. Of course, he knew a number of students—grinds—who did tutoring, making their college expenses by it. He had been hoping to be able to do some of it himself the next year. It was so much easier money than the janitorial work he had. It still seemed impossible that he no longer needed to work. That he didn't even need to study—until he got ready.

The waiter approached with loaded trays.

"Hurray! A keg of beer for the four of us!" the fellows began to chant and Tom joined in. He felt light headed and giddy and irresponsible. Yes, this *was glorious!* He ate and drank and talked and sang and tried to think he had never been so happy in his life, and yet all the time something rankled in the background of his consciousness.

It was two o'clock when they got unsteadily up from the table. Tom handed the waiter a hundred dollar bill and carelessly took his change. He felt like a lord as he staggered to the door.

"Old Tom's pretty well loaded," laughed Free, steadying him as they came out on the street.

"Where next?" drawled Rockie. "Who says Cortland?"

"What's there?" hiccupped Tom.

"Girls," laughed Free close to his ear. For a moment the fog seemed to clear from Tom's befuddled brain, and he was standing with his father back at the little home station there in Utah. It was the morning he left and they were waiting for the train. "My son," he seemed to hear his father's hesitating voice. (It never had been easy for father to talk about subjects he felt deeply.) "I hope you will always keep yourself clean for the woman who is to be the mother of your children." Tom reeled a little and Ned caught him.

"We'd better save Cortland for tomorrow night. Tom's too blamed full," he said.

"Guess you're right," drawled Rockie. "Let's turn in."

As in a daze Tom was led back to the fraternity and helped into bed. He rolled and tumbled for a few moments, then dropped off into a troubled sleep.

Presently he seemed to be standing on the brink of a deep precipice. Below him rolled and tumbled a dark, angry flood. Strangely there was something about the roaring torrent that seemed to fascinate him. He drew nearer and nearer the dangerous edge. Some uncontrollable power seemed to impel him to leap down, down to the terrible boiling depths below. He stood for a moment hesitating, then he decided to take the leap. His feet slipped and he knew he was going down. Then when it was too

late, untold horror seized him. He cried out. Instantly strong restraining hands reached out and drew him back. He looked about to see who his saviors had been. There they were, in a long line, looking at him with sorrowful, pleading eyes: his old Sunday school teacher, his Mutual class leader, his father, and many others. Again the memories which had disturbed him earlier in the evening stirred him, and he seemed to hear once more, "How many of you boys can promise me never to poison your bodies with tobacco?" and "Are you going to let your soul and body be shattered by the curse of drink!" and those halting words of his dear father, "I hope, my boy, that you will keep yourself clean for the woman who is to be the mother of your children." He gave a glad cry of joy to find himself safe in the circle of their sheltering love. The cry awoke him, and he lay staring in the darkness.

Where was he? Why was he trembling so? Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. His head ached, and his lips were dry. Suddenly the moon came from behind a cloud and its light came in through the window and flooded the rich room. He sat up and looked about the unfamiliar place wonderingly. Then, like a flash, it all came back to him: that registered letter; his uncle's money; the fellows and the reckless night down town. It seemed like a terrible nightmare. He sprang from the bed and went to the window. It was open, and the soft spring air kissed his hot forehead. The solemn moon-filled silence seemed to wrap him in a sweet calm. He could think clearly now. He recalled his dream, and its meaning seemed O so beautiful and plain. That deep, dark cavern into which he was about to plunge his manhood was the temptation a life of luxury and dissipation was holding out to him. Those restraining hands which had so eagerly snatched him back at his first cry, were the influences of the gospel which had been unconsciously rooted into his being during his youth and early childhood. They were the influences of the gospel he had so carelessly neglected during the last three years, when he had needed their restraining power most. As the beautiful meaning came to him in all its strength and clearness, he felt a great wave of repentant gratitude sweep over him. How precious the gospel seemed! He fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands. "O God, I thank thee! I thank thee!" he whispered brokenly, while unchecked sobs shook his frame.

After awhile he grew calm, and faced the situation squarely. He knew he was standing at the cross-roads. It would take courage to turn from the broad, enticing road which beckoned him, back into the straight and narrow way. He stood pondering every detail of the test awaiting him. It would be hard to stand out against the fellows in their notion of what constituted a good time. He could see now that it would be out of the question for

him to remain at the Chi Psi at all. Perhaps it would not be necessary for him to go back to his old room, but he could get comfortable quarters elsewhere. He could also report to the head janitor to find another man to take his place so he could have all his time for his work. In so much he could benefit by the good fortune which had come to him, but he could not allow it to waste his life and opportunities. He thought of a splendid farm out home he could purchase for himself and younger brothers. In that way his uncle's money would not have been saved in vain.

The clock in the library tower chimed four. In a half hour he was due at his janitorial post. He lifted his head from the window sill and prayed out into the silent night. Then he arose and dressed himself and slipped noiselessly down the broad stairs out into the coming dawn. He took in long, deep breaths of the fresh spring air. What peace and strength it gave him! He felt that he was a man! That in the future he could meet any crisis and he would not fall! Those restraining hands had not been held out in vain!



The Bar

The saloon is sometimes called a BAR—that's true.
 A BAR to heaven, a door to hell;
 Whoever named it, named it well.
 A BAR to manliness and wealth;
 A door to want and broken health.
 A BAR to honor, pride and fame;
 A door to grief and sin and shame.
 A BAR to home, a BAR to prayer;
 A door to darkness and despair.
 A BAR to honored, useful life;
 A door to brawling, senseless strife.
 A BAR to all that's true and brave;
 A door to every drunkard's grave.
 A BAR to joys that home imparts;
 A door to tears and aching hearts.
 A BAR to heaven, a door to hell;
 Whoever named it, named it well.

—SELECTED.

The Meaning of Education

BY E. G. PETERSON, A. M., PH. D., UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

III.—Farming and Home Making

Many things are contributing to convince the world that the "Mormon" Pioneers deserve a place in the history of civilization second to none. Indeed, very rapidly they are coming to occupy that place, and Brigham Young, aside from the spiritual and moral leadership which his work represented, is coming to be looked upon as the industrial giant of modern America. He preached sound temporal doctrine. He was, in addition to being the church leader, an agriculturist, a road builder, a builder of canals and cities, and an economist of wonderful soundness. One of the striking manifestations of his genius and his inspiration was his attitude toward farming and home-making.

He realized that the welfare of the state permanently depends upon the success of its agriculture and the soundness of its home life. He permanently strengthened Utah when he insisted upon many of the strongest men and women (strong in mind, body and character), the real pillars of the structure of state he was building, going to various parts of the state and building up the agriculture of the various communities. Anyone who has traveled throughout Utah has noticed the striking character of many of the leading men and women. They represent the best blood in the state and many of them, or their fathers and mothers, were called to their work by the great "Mormon" leader. This is the history of St. George, of Kane County, of the great San Juan country, of the Uintah Basin, Sevier county, Carbon and Emery counties, Piute and Iron counties, and the Bear Lake section, as well as practically all the important settlements close in. I could call the names of hundreds who are thus located, and who give to Utah a leadership in its rural life not possessed by any other state, to my knowledge, in the nation.

Brigham Young realized a half century before the American nation as a whole realized it, the fundamental relationship between agriculture and the home on one side, and the prosperity and general welfare of the state and nation on the other. It was among his plans to develop what later the nation established in each state, an Agricultural college. The nation and the state just now are carrying out Brigham Young's idea of training and equipping men and women for success in the pursuits of agriculture and home-making.

The farmer and the mother in the home after all are the

two units in our society upon which practically all else depends. And their occupations, their professions, are the most difficult and the most important and critical in all the list of occupations of man. The man who tills the soil intelligently must be a well-developed man mentally and in those attributes of character which produce dependability, devotion, and charitable and broad-minded citizenship. A knowledge of the science of the soil is a life's work itself; the art of farming is as elevated in its demands as the art which inspires pictures or music. A knowledge of animal breeding, care and management, demands a quality of intelligence sometimes greater than that demanded by the relatively simple professions of medicine, law or banking. The control of animal and plant diseases which every farmer has to combat demands constant study and attention. The commercial enterprise demanded in the proper organization and administration of farming as a business, is of a very high order.

And most emphatically it must be said that only those farmers who have such intelligence and such knowledge and training (they may have received it by self culture or at college) are succeeding and holding their lands. The others are very surely becoming hired men. The modern demands are such that the farmer must be prepared. And here is one of the inspiring things about Utah. Already many of the strongest blood strains in the state are engaged in farming. Utah's problem is not the problem of many other states of building up the character of the rural population. Brigham Young prevented such rural decay as is now prevalent in many parts of the nation. So Utah needs only equip her sons with the knowledge of modern science and she is in a position to equal if not surpass all states in developing agriculture to a high plane.

Home-making is a profession more exacting than any other activity of human beings. And how blessed is Utah because of her women. But we should and do realize that a new day has dawned in the world, and it lays especially upon the mothers new responsibilities. It is for the daughters and granddaughters of the pioneer women that the new day has its message. We have been blessed with recently discovered knowledge of foods, diets, nursing, child welfare, care of the sick, sanitation of the home, and with new appreciation of the value of art in the home, home management, the right books, decoration, and home economies of labor and time. The home is where the child is trained poorly or well to a degree which makes the future of the child in a large measure dependent upon the mother's fitness to rear and teach. Wise mothers in the home are worth more in citizen making than all other devices for education combined. We must have intelligent mothers or we cannot have enlightened children. The training of its women is the most important educational task confronting the state. And this training should be definitely and positive-

ly practical, designed to prepare the young women in the proper rearing of families. No elaborate culture in painting, music, the extremes of literary interpretation, and the intricacies of mathematics or the classics, can ever supplant the constant demands upon the mother for a knowledge of how to rear a child properly. Women's education should include all that it is possible to include. Mathematics and literary interpretation, these are all well but should, if possible, be added to and not allowed to supplant the other necessary things. The successful rearing of a family is the beginning and the end of our temporal existence. How important that its great responsibilities should be understood and the many natural laws effecting it mastered.

The training of men in the details of the large conceptions of agriculture, and of women in the details and the ideals of home life, is just as much education as is training in languages, mathematics, Greek and Latin literature, and the other so-called standardized material. And the results of such training produce culture just as emphatically as any other training. Mastery in these new fields demands equal if not superior mentality; and indeed a greater degree of devotion and spiritual enlightenment goes with the men who till the soil and the women who fulfil well the divine obligation of motherhood.

The Tramp

(A Character Study)

BY JOHN LAURENCE MCMASTER

High priest of idleness; knight of the wayside;
 Child of the wanderlust; unbidden guest;
 Diner al fresco and king of the free ride;
 Living exponent of perpetual rest.
 Tenant of box car and abstracted tinders;
 Master of misfit and unfit to boot;
 Grimed with the dust of the road and its cinders;
 Tailored with rags and the discarded suit,
 Unwilling wielder of buck-saw or hand-ax;
 Trial of the bailiff and thrifty housewife;
 Self-possessed owner of orchards and haystacks;
 Nonchalant type of the "don't worry" life.
 Scornor of soap and the shave and its glory;
 Artist in fiction and low "Thankee, Mum;"
 Author relator of true hard-luck story—
 "Couldn't get work 'n that's why I'm a bum."
 Flotsam and jetsam on life's passing river;
 Weary and wandering, clouted and clout;
 Butt of the jester and scorn of the giver;
 First and always a real down-and-out.
 Unkempt, unclean, and a bundle of tatters;
 Vagabond, beggar, low riffraff, and scamp;
 Yet to the love of God even he matters—
 And he our brother is, though but a tramp.

SELECTED

Cecil John Rhodes

A Thrilling Story of Achievement

BY NICHOLAS G. SMITH, PRESIDENT SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

One morning, back in 1901, when I was attending the Salt Lake High School, I came to school without having mastered my lesson in geometry. The time for class came, and I must say it was with misgivings that I descended the stairs to appear in Mr. Gillilan's room, because he had such a way of making students ashamed of themselves when they had not done their duty. There were about thirty-five in the class, and all seemed so happy that I felt all the more out of place, as their actions convinced me that they were all prepared. As we entered the room, Mr. Gillilan looked up from a book which he was reading, with a rather serious air, and I thought—well, he will give it to us this morning, as he isn't feeling just right! Imagine my surprise when he started out with the expression: "Cecil John Rhodes is one of the greatest men that ever lived." He then launched out into a discussion of the life and works of that great man, and was still telling us of him when the bell rang for us to leave the class room. I was very happy, and had my lesson the next day. The lesson has since passed from my mind, but Rhodes still remains with me; yet, living as we do thirteen thousand miles away from the stage where Cecil Rhodes played his part, we are apt not to place full value on his life's works. When it was my privilege to come to South Africa and see some of the things which he had accomplished, my mind went back to that day in school when I first heard of his greatness, and I am thankful to my teacher for having prepared me for my work in Africa.

A few weeks ago, while walking through the grounds of Rhodes' old home, Groote Schuur, which means great store house, I was asked by one who has not been long in Africa: "Is Cecil Rhodes still living?" This question set me to thinking, and I asked myself, Can Cecil Rhodes be dead? The only answer I can give to the query is, that he is much more alive today than he ever was. Born July 5, 1853, in England, he was one of nine sons of the Vicar of Bishop Stratford, who was an excellent character, but he had no desire to follow in his father's footsteps. He received a fair education at a grammar school and was instructed in some classical studies by his father, but in 1870, when but fourteen years of age, he was on his way to South Africa, and he settled in the Colony of Natal, living with his older brother Herbert,

where he engaged in the raising of cotton and was fairly successful. In 1871, he and his brother wound up their affairs in the garden spot of South Africa and started for the desert to the newly discovered diamond mines, which were located where Kimberley now stands.

Rhodes was strong-willed, a hard reader, and a deep thinker, and in those early days at the mines he was surrounded with all sorts of hard characters from every land who had hurried here to make their pile and had their hundreds of claims surrounding that of his and his brother's. Bedlam existed where order should be, according to his mind, and he determined to have order. I will pass over the years of struggle which he had with those around him to bring order out of chaos, and will simply state that after years of scheming and hard work, and running back and forth to England, he finally succeeded in bringing the management of all those claims under the direction of one company, known as the De Beers Company, and that company now controls the supply of diamonds for the whole world. Not only that, but it is the moving force of almost everything in Kimberley. It owns the street car company, and beautiful suburbs surrounding the town, and has miles and miles of land, under a ten-strand barbed-wire fence, which will be used at some future date to supply diamonds to the world, and it employs an army of men to carry on this work, besides owning an explosive factory, stud farm, etc.

Through the genius of Rhodes, in thus organizing and becoming the dominating factor in the diamond mines, the people were desirous that he should become a member of Parliament, and there help to work out the destinies of the whole nation. Dutch and English interests seemed to clash at all points. The Republic of the Transvaal, under the leadership of President Kruger, was endeavoring to get on without British assistance from the Cape Colony, but as Cape Town was the chief seaport, her imports had to pass that port and helped to swell the revenues of the British. The Boers, being mostly farmers, wanted to make the country self-supporting in every way, to which idea the British were holding back; Rhodes, in his masterly



AVENUE ON THE GROOTE SCHUUR
ESTATE

fashion, was able to draw them somewhat closer together, although always maintaining that England was to be the great power on earth. He claimed that "I like the Dutch, I like their homely courtesy and their tenacity of purpose. I am in favor of protecting the agricultural interests of South Africa, and of discouraging the rise of manufactories which would compete with England in the market for her own products." In a political capacity, he became the leader of the nation and was loved and respected by both British and Dutch, although he had his ups and downs in Parliament. He was constantly going to and from England in the interests of his companies, and had many clashes with British statesmen over conditions in Africa.

He bought a fine estate at the foot of Table Mountain, which is called Groote Schuur, and the house and grounds, which have been thrown open to the public, are magnificent. Here he lived with others of the great minds of the country whenever he was in Cape Town. This fine home has been turned over to be the home of the prime minister of the country, although it is under the direction of Rhodes' executors.

Rhodes was very desirous that England should control the whole of Africa; and especially was he desirous that there should be a railway built from Cape to Cairo, on British territory. With this thought uppermost in his mind, he formed what is called the Chartered Company which was recognized by the British government, and he then set about and secured great tracts of land from the natives which was just north of the Transvaal Republic. These millions of acres were and are now governed by the Chartered Company, and this vast stretch of territory has been given his name and is now known as Rhodesia. It is one of the prettiest bits of country in the world, as all kinds of vegetation thrive there. Palms and ferns and all sorts of tropical vegetation are everywhere to be seen. There are great fields of tobacco on every hand, and oranges and lemons and other fruits are in abundance. Not only does vegetation thrive here, but the country is rich in minerals. There are many gold mines. The great ruins of Zimbabwe, of which history gives us nothing, are in Rhodesia, and truly a powerful people must have lived here in ages past. Some claim that this must have been the home of the Queen of Sheba who brought such rich presents to the great King Solomon.

Rhodes was about such a man as our beloved Brigham Young, and through the kind treatment of the natives, he secured the land, and then set about to build railways and telegraph lines. He was, indeed, a pioneer, and traveled hundreds of miles through the African desert pioneering and getting acquainted with every part of the country. On account of his Brigham quality of being kind, the natives loved him dearly, and called him the white father. A short story will show what power he had with them. Shortly

after the white man had begun to settle in Rhodesia, there was trouble with the natives who numbered something over a million. The Matabele tribe rose up *en masse* and killed several hundred white people. The country raised an army and sent it out to subdue the blacks. Like the American Red man the African natives know the forests, and have an excellent system of signaling. Through this system they knew ev-

ery move of the white army, and kept out of the way.

When Rhodes learned of the situation he was very much upset, and started for Rhodesia at once, where he followed and caught up with the army of a thousand men with modern arms. He informed the leader of the army that with two or three volunteers he would go on in front, unarmed, to meet the enemy, but that the soldiers should remain where they were until they heard from him, as he felt that he could settle the trouble. Every one felt that it was madness to think of going, as the natives were killing every white person they could find. Rhodes, however, had made up his mind, and was sure that he was right, and was going ahead, no matter what others thought. He succeeded in getting two or three volunteers to go with him, and his wagon pulled off out into the rough, unsettled domain, and camped among the thick vegetation where the natives could have attacked them at any minute and destroyed them all. Here Rhodes made things as comfortable as possible, and told his companions that they should wait until the native chiefs and kings should arrive. He had sent one of his colored boys ahead with a message to them. They did not wait long until the warriors began to arrive. They were fully armed and wore sullen looks. There were something over a hundred of them. Rhodes invited them to sit, and he then gave them a severe scolding, telling them that those who had been guilty of murdering women and children were to be turned over to be punished. He was surprised at them for doing such things, and wanted them to understand that if they were being ill treated he was there to see that they had fair play, and



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
CECIL RHODES

On the slopes of Table Mountain, where it is said
Rhodes used to sit.

wanted to settle the difficulties. After several hours' deliberation, with Rhodes scolding and joking, the meeting ended with every warrior and chief swearing allegiance to the white father and laying down their arms. Two powerful chiefs had refused to come to the *indaba* and would not meet Rhodes, but he waited for several days out in the woods until they decided to see him, and after a short time their grievances were settled. Thus a war was ended that might have cost thousands of lives, and the white father still lives in the minds of the native races of South Africa.

Is Rhodes dead? Well, I must say after a few weeks' trip through Africa that he is very much alive. Monuments erected by him to others and by others to his memory are everywhere to be seen. The great De Beers Company, with its thousands of employes, and the great extent of territory known as Rhodesia, are still governed by his will, and are performing a wonderful work, and his idea of having a railway line from Cape to Cairo is still being pushed toward completion and will ere long be an accomplished fact. All Africa resounds with the name of Rhodes.

To the world at large, is Cecil John Rhodes dead? Never! His life's work insured his place in history, and the work that is being carried on under the direction of the executors of his will is destined to keep his memory ever fresh in the great nations of the earth. His will is too lengthy to copy here, but I would just like to mention a few of the provisions with regard to his scholarship idea. He provides approximately \$1,500 per year for each scholarship, and then goes on to make the following allotments of the different parts of the British empire: 9 to Rhodesia, 3 each to South African College, Stellenbosch College, Diocesan College, St. Andrews College, Colony of Natal, Colony of New South Wales, Colony of South Australia, Colony of Queensland, Colony of Australia, Colony of Tasmania, Colony of New Zealand, Province of Ontario in the District of Columbia, Colony of Newfoundland, Colony or Islands of the Bermudas, Colony or Islands of Jamaica, 54 being the total in British territory.

To the several States of the United States of America he willed two scholarships to each, and also provided that if any territory was admitted to statehood later, it should be allotted two scholarships. At the present time it is costing the estate of Mr. Rhodes something like \$225,000 a year to keep up these scholarships. The twenty-fourth stipulation is that "no student shall be qualified or disqualified for election to a scholarship on account of his race or religious opinions. Later he adds the following paragraph: "This is a further codicil to my will. I note the German emperor has made instruction in English compulsory in German schools. I leave five yearly scholarships at Oxford of

£250 per annum to students of German birth, the scholars to be nominated by the German emperor for the time being. Each scholarship to continue for three years so that each year after the first three years there will be fifteen scholars. The object is that an understanding between the three great powers will render war impossible, and educational relations make the strongest tie. America has already been provided for. C. J. RHODES."

Thus we see that, although Rhodes was a long ways off and that the European people are prone to think that America is not of very much importance, only in the minds of Americans, he was able to understand her greatness, and was broad-minded enough to call her one of the three great nations of the world.



MAIN VICTORIA FALLS, AFRICA

Rhodesia is referred to here in Africa as the backbone of the continent. It is not only an interesting country on account of the great pioneering work of Rhodes, but here we have all the animals of the African jungle that are written so much about: elephants, lions, snakes of every description, leopards, wildcats, African hunting dogs, jackals, black and white rhinoceros, hippopotamii, buffalo, and about forty different kinds of antelopes differing in size from that of a jack rabbit to the powerful eland which stands six feet high. In the Zambesi river there are thousands of crocodiles, and in the air, birds of every conceivable shape are flying about.

While in Rhodesia, it was my privilege to visit the wonderful Victoria Falls, the roar of which can be distinctly heard sixteen miles away, and the spray of which can be seen from a distance of twenty-eight miles. There are no mountains here, and

the lazy Zambesi river flows along so slowly and peacefully that one would not imagine there were such mighty falls just a few hundred feet below him, when crossing over to Livingstone Island, unless he could see the spray and hear the roar of the water. We saw several crocodiles and hippos, and as we walked through the palms we saw monkeys swinging from tree to tree, and scantily dressed natives going here and there trying to sell us their beads and trinkets, and stepping along to the tune of their tiny hand pianos. What thoughts filled my mind as I stood on the edge of a precipice and looked down 400 feet, and saw the water in such great volume as it fell on the rocks, being broken into fragments and forced back up out of the chasm some 2,000 feet into the air by the rush of wind, in drops as big as the end of my little finger, which again descend as rain on the surrounding forest, and cause hundreds of kinds of vegetation to spring up to carpet the damp earth. Truly this is a wonderful land, and what grandeur in these falls. One must go in waterproofs if he intends going into the rain forest, as the rain comes down in torrents, or rather the mist as it is called. What beautiful rainbows by day and, on moonlight nights, what a peculiar effect the lunar rainbow has on you! It had a sort of a greenish-white tint, and to me seemed like a ghost of the daylight rainbow, it was really uncanny, but forty of us sat there for hours and watched it, and talked of ghosts and the terrible animals that were all around us, until we were all excited to some extent, and were really frightened when the native sentry appeared before us with drawn gun and demanded the



CECIL RHODES' GRAVE

pass word as we were on our way back to the hotel. (Even Central Africa feels the effects of the great war.)

Through the efforts of Cecil Rhodes this wonderful country belongs to Great Britain. In such a short article it is impossible to show the many good points in such a character; or, for that matter, even a few of them very well. Today, in Africa, there seems to be in the very air one breathes a sort of Rhodes spirit. The story of his life and that of Brigham Young are similar in a great many respects, and in death their graves are both alike. Fifteen miles out from Bulowayo is what Rhodes called the world-view, and on top of the hill whence this view is to be had, in the very heart of the African wilderness, Rhodes

requested that he should be buried. March 26, 1902, the spirit of Rhodes took its flight, and, according to his instructions, his mortal remains were laid away in a grave which was hewn out of the solid rock, in the Matoppos, and on the simple slab which covers the grave is written: Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.

Can such a man die?

ROSEBANK, C. C.

The Land of Opportunity

BY J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

On glancing out of a car window, the other day, I noted a placard on which was written in letters, so that he who ran might read, "The Land of Opportunity." Just what land was referred to, in the advertisement, I did not read, but I venture that it had reference to some land far remote from our present surroundings, away from the place we call home.

The Land of Opportunity, for you and for me, lies at your very door and mine. It does not lie afar off in a strange country, nor yet in a distant state. Your opportunity lies on your own farm that you have been cultivating for years, or in your store, workshop, or home, where you have become well established by experience. It is your opportunity to build up and develop your own community, your own state.

What is more pitiable than to see an old couple, as they near the grave, all alone in their home, with their sons and daughters all moved away to other states! They come home only about once in four or five years. Their parents' sunset is indeed a sorrowful and lonesome one.

What is happier than to see an old couple, as they near the sunset of life, with their sons and daughters settled around them, and their grandchildren playing near the home to make the old folks young again! All they have to live for is the association of their own boys and girls, and the sweet grandchildren who remind them of their earlier married life when their own family was being reared. There is nothing which brings so much peace, joy, and comfort, at the sunset of life, as the association of their children and children's children. That is all they now have to live for.

We are living in an age of Service, a day when he who is of the greatest service to his fellowman makes the greatest success in life. The place where you and I can be of the greatest service to our fellowmen is in the town where, as barefoot boys and girls, we trod the streets and fields. There we can serve best, and there is our "Land of Opportunity."

LOGAN, UTAH

What the Nations of Europe are Fighting for

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

What are the European nations really fighting for? That is a question often put by those who think the great conflict now on is something wholly unnecessary, without purpose, and without the promise of any ultimate good. There was never in all the history of the world so many and such deep-rooted causes for war as exist at the present time in Europe. When two farmers meet at the head of an irrigation ditch, quarrel about the water which each thinks it is his right and his turn to use, and they fight because of their trouble, that is very simple. Man's financial interests from the beginning of time have been potent causes of discontent and strife. The financial interests of the world have grown, in late years, with lightning rapidity, and the tension between the nations of the world, therefore, has become all the greater. The causes of the present war are complicated. They cover a period of more than forty years. They represent intrigue, unfair competition, national aspirations, justice, and among all of them, the fundamental rights of humanity.

In view of the fact that peace is sure to come, and that the differences that now cause war must be adjusted, it is important that intelligent people have the justice of their judgments conform to the great results which a future treaty of peace will bring about. The position of the American people, as neutrals, requires that their opinions be impartial. That does not mean that they may not be pronounced on any single line of conduct by the great belligerents now at war. Forming judgments of a single act of conduct, and judgments upon complicated actions, are two very different things. What a man may think about a single act, and a whole series of complicated acts, are different things, or, at any rate, should be. Faults of this great war are not all on one side, and it is the purpose of this article and others which may follow, to set forth some of those international complications that grew beyond pacific settlement and therefore had to be adjusted by force of arms. The war began in Serbia and was the inevitable result of the so-called Balkan trouble; a trouble out of which statesmen often predicted war for many years. Let us be specific and take the case of Austria.

The German element, and the Hungarian element, and the Austro-Hungarian empire, are in the minority, but they are more compact than the majority element, consisting of Rumanians,

Italians and Slavs. It was, of course, the policy of Austria to see to it that no one of these elements became dangerously powerful in any concentrated part of the dual empire. The Slavs in Bohemia and the north side of the empire were out of touch with the Slavs in the south, along the Danube. The Rumanians, in the east in Transylvania could have little in common with their kindred,—the Italians in southwestern Austria. The only place where a strong, dangerous Slavic element could concentrate was in the south, under the leadership of some Balkan Slavic state that might become dangerously powerful. After the two Balkan wars were fought—the first between the Balkan allies and Turkey, and then between Bulgaria and the other Balkan allies, Austria became feverishly excited over the prospects of a powerful Serbia, and over the fact that the great seaport of Salonica, which had been the political ambition of Austria, was taken by the Greeks.

The new Serbia was not in itself a menace to Austria; it was too small. But the new Serbia in conjunction with the great Slavic masses who were Austrian subjects in Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Hertzegovina, and Istria, might, in conjunction with some other nation, become sufficiently strong to resist Austria. Among this Slavic element there was unrest, discontent, and often rebellious attitude. Nor can we wonder at this.

This Slavic element has never enjoyed even the most fundamental rights of life, liberty and property. Austrian methods of government have encouraged strife among the people largely because of their religious differences. Some of these Slavs belong to the Orthodox or Greek church, others belong to the Roman Catholic church. The Austrian government has encouraged religious differences and discriminated herself against the orthodox classes. Take Bosnia as an example. There is in that country four times as much expended for its police system as is expended for schools. The division of the population of the country will show the injustice to which the people have long been subjected. In Bosnia there are eight hundred thousand Greek orthodox, five hundred thousand Roman Catholics, and six hundred thousand Mohammedans or moslems. It will be seen that of Bosnia's two million people there is practically only one hundred thousand of all other classes. In the German parts there is one school for every seven hundred in the population; among the Slavs there is only one school for every six thousand of population; the offices are nearly all held by the Germans whose opportunities for education are liberal, while the Slavic element is kept in a state of unbearable ignorance. Nearly all the offices are held by Germans and even where Bosnians themselves go to Vienna for a college training they are denied the opportunity of political employment by the government, and the industries of that country

are almost entirely in the hands of the Germans who naturally give preference to their own nationality. The result is that to ambitious and educated Bosnians the doors of opportunity are closed, and discontent is rife. Such gross injustice makes the students of that nationality violent towards Austria. They are revolutionary in their agitations. The Austrians and those of the world who do not know them call them anarchists.

Austria has given to the Bosnians a legislature called "Sabor," but all of the laws passed by this legislature may be vetoed by the Hungarian parliament, sitting at Budapest, or by the Austrian parliament, sitting at Vienna. This "Sabor" is more a source of aggravation than one of satisfaction to the people. Men are elected to it according to their religious beliefs. It is composed of one Jew, sixteen Catholics, twenty-four Mohammedans, and thirty-one Greek orthodox. While the law establishing the Sabor gives to the people certain political and economic rights, the law is saddled by one of those jokers which offers with one hand a privilege, or a right, that is snatched away by the other. This native legislature, or this Sabor, may be suspended, and all the rights and privileges accorded to it, taken away when in the judgment of the government at Vienna it is necessary for the safety of the empire. In that legislative body the people are punished for speeches that are not approved by the Austrian government.

Perhaps one of the greatest sources of revolutionary agitation is found in the treatment of the peasants or farmers. When the Turks captured the country they parcelled out the lands into districts ruled by a Turkish "bey" who was not unlike the feudal barons of medieval times. These beys were held more in restraint by the Turkish government, at Constantinople, in the matters of injustice to the peasants than they had been by the government at Vienna. The system was continued when the Austrians took over the military control of Bosnia. The people there had their large commons upon which they enjoyed collective right to pasture their hogs and their cattle. These lands belonged to the people collectively. Austria, anxious to settle certain parts of the country by Germans, took these commons away from the people, and aided much thereby to destroy their livestock industry. It is true that Austria has built up the country, constructed beautiful public buildings, and brought much so-called civilized life to the country, but those are advantages that are not enjoyed as a rule by the people at large. They are advantages of a privileged class, and the result is that, from this and other circumstances, which will be related at another time, the people of the Balkans have been in a state of seething discontent. Haki Pasha when war was threatened between Italy and Turkey is said to have made the following prophetic declaration: "If Italy declares

war on Turkey, the cannon will not cease to speak until all Europe is in a conflagration."

The reason was perhaps simple. The aspirations of the great powers in the Balkans were irreconcilable. For forty years the people of that country have been subject to all kinds of intrigues carried on shamelessly for the supposed benefit of one or the other of all the great powers now at war. The Balkan question was one that international diplomacy was absolutely helpless to cope with. Peaceful means were inadequate; justice must sometimes prevail, and justice meant war.

Good Spiritual Condition

Elder Thomas M. Argyle, president of the Hull conference, England, April 20: "This part of the Lord's vineyard is in an excellent spiritual condition. At our April conference we were favored with the good companionship of President Hyrum M. Smith and Elder J. M. Sjodahl. Our attendance was fair considering the many obligations the Saints have to meet, caused through the present-day mode of warfare. We rejoice to think God has preserved us, and take great joy in rendering unto him our heartfelt thanks and feel it our duty to depend upon him for our future safety. These are the elders laboring in the Hull conference, left to right, back row: Lorin Passey,



Provo; Floyd W. Nielson, Bluff; Horace O. Hall, Hyrum; Peter M. Hixson, East Mill Creek; Joseph A. Godfrey, Clarkston; front row: Thomas E. Vance, Fairview; J. M. Sjodahl, Liverpool office; Hyrum M. Smith, President European Mission; Thomas M. Argyle, Woods Cross, president of conference; Nils C. Jorgensen, Union, Utah, secretary of conference.

"The Silver Greys"*

BY AXEL MADSEN

This is a glad occasion. I hope I may not mar it now; but would that, being blest and through your kind and helpful sympathy, I might here express some worthy thought on this grand theme, the very mention of which stirs a thrill of love in all our hearts, "The Silver Greys."

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." So spake the Lord. Long life is a blessing which the favored Patriarchs of old enjoyed, and it is promised as a reward for those who yield obedience to parents. Surely youth will ever owe full homage to the "Silver Greys." For who more worthy of our love and honor, our gratitude and praise, than the brave souls who wear such crowns of glory?

"Grey hairs," 'tis said, "are the crests of foam which cover the sea after the tempest." They belong to those who have breasted the waves and met life's stormy billows, with courage strong and brow undaunted; who have weathered the tempest, and now glide gently into the peaceful harbor. Throughout the long, hard day, they've toiled and struggled on beneath the sun's hot glare, and now, at eventide, they view the setting sun in peace.

It is a solemn thing to draw nearer and nearer to eternity. And these kind hearts, who've labored long to make a place for us and to smooth our pathway, "now teach us how to meet old age." "With each year they have become more genial, have cherished larger and still larger sympathies with their fellow men, and, if time has set on them any mark, they preserve, in all its freshness, the soul" which shall never grow old.

Oh, youth is fair when, in the pride of strength and spring-time's rosy glow, it stands in innocence at Life's great Portal; but fairer yet, I hold, is that sweet face, though furrowed deep with cares and sufferings borne, and wearing there the battle-scars of time, which, crowned with silver grey, still smiles benignly with that same innocence untainted, though tried and proven long. That soul who, passing through this world of bitterness and sin, has been but made the gentler and sweeter for it, ripened in wisdom and love.

In our own midst, assembled here with us, I see some of these stalwarts true. We may not know how often their gracious presence we shall feel again. But, while we may, let us make them feel how glad we are that they are here. And when we see a stooping figure approach with faltering tread and trembling hand,

*An "Old Folks'" toast, given at a Thirty-first ward, Liberty stake, banquet, 1916.

let us not forget that once that bent form bore burdens which would stagger us, and that those feet have trodden, perhaps, a thousand miles or more o'er trackless plains and thorny paths, to make for us a home. And those roughened hands, mute witnesses of toil, oh, hold them tenderly in a warm and fervent clasp, for they have wrought a work which God himself approved.

O ye venerable men, and dear aged women! We love, we honor you! Would that we might sing your praise one-half as well as you have done your work; that we might labor with one-half the zeal to do our part and carry on the work which you have begun. Oh, that we who follow might rise in splendid strength and majesty, take up a priceless heritage and bear it nobly, without spot, as we've received it. Then should we stand a royal house, sons of kingly sires, upheld and blest by heaven.

To these few words, I may add but the wish for all who wear Time's badge of honor, a long-continued life, crowned with health and prosperity, with happiness and joy.

"Live on to hear your children's children rise up and call you blessed. Live on for the sake of your old friends and associates, for whom life would lose much of its luster in losing you as companions and friends. Live on for your own sakes, that you may enjoy the better day of which your eyes already catch the dawn. Live to enjoy the coming triumph of truth, for which you've long contended: when the acknowledged power of right shall tear the root of sorrow from the hearts of men, and your children's children shall stand the guardians of human liberty and the regenerators of the race!" These sentiments are paraphrased thoughts which appeal to us all.

"Deal gently with them, Time,
And trace decline upon their brows so slowly
That, like a sunset in a northern clime,
Where lingering twilight deepens into dusk,
And dusk fades into light so softly
That none may mark the passing of the day,
So may they pass,
As one who slumbering dreams, and dreaming wakes."

Wakes to stand among the heavenly number of whom we sing:

"Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the suns of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?"
"These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Suff'ers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the living God."

Oh, why should I presume to sing their praise? Angel voices only can. But shall not we, while yet they linger here, pay tribute to the "Silver Greys!"

Rumalcowhiskeyhol—A Modern Monster

BY ANNIE D. PALMER

Rumalcowhiskeyhol was the fiercest and most powerful of all the monsters. With a glance of his evil eye he could cause strong men to totter and even fall and wallow in the filth of the streets. With the heat of his fiery breath he could waste their substance and reduce to pauperism every soul dependent thereon. With the bellowing of his ghoulisn voice he could strike terror into the hearts of brave men insomuch that they would drop their weapons nor attempt to defend their own. Nor was this all. Rumalcowhiskeyhol's back and dragon-tail were covered with shining scales that dazzled men's eyes; and if at any time the monster were hard pressed he had but to drop a scale in the way of his pursuers and immediately they left off fighting him to search in the mire for the glitter of the scale.

In every city of the land Rumalcowhiskeyhol had a lair and in every village and hamlet a rendezvous. And because men so loved the glitter of his scales he went boldly forth by day as well as under cover of the darkness seeking whomsoever he would devour.

Daily his victims numbered scores of men, and the substance he wasted would have built an empire; and ever his appetite grew and was insatiate. The women of the land became sick with dread and wise men shook their heads and were appalled; for none could say whose manly sons or fair young daughters might next be prey to the monster's grip.

Now the king had many daughters, but an only son, Morriou. And Morriou was brave of heart and strong of limb, and he said, "I will fight the monster to his death. Shall my father's kingdom be devastated by the power of a single demon while my father's heir sits idly by and views the ruin?"

So Morriou chose five hundred men, the noblest from his father's realm; and when they had counseled together many days they set out with their battle axes and spears, determined to slay the monster or drive him from their border.

When Rumalcowhiskeyhol saw the strength of the men who came up against him he knew that neither the glance of his eye nor the fire of his breath nor the bellowing of his mighty lungs would stay the onslaught. He needs must turn him about as if in flight, and try the lure of the shining scales. With one hoarse, demon-like yell from his brazen throat he turned, leaving

where he went a trail of slime and mire in which there glittered here and there a yellow scale. Into the sickening trail they plunged—Morrior, the good, the brave, the princely one, and all his followers, the noblest five hundred of the land.

So there was mourning in the land, and in the household of the king was bitterest grief. And when the knightly Landon came as suitor to the princess Isa, she sent him away and would not be comforted for sorrow for her brother.

One day while Isa walked in the cypress grove in the far end of the garden, her brother came to her by stealth. Isa threw up her hands in fear and would have screamed, but Morrior spoke quickly and calmed her.

"Fear not, sister," he said, "for weak and worthless as I come to you, I am still no spectre."

"But we have thought you lost," the princess answered, "and we have mourned for you since the day you and your noble band went down in the trail of the monster. Come, let us go to our father the king and to our most queenly mother, that their hearts may be made glad at your return."

"Not so, my sister," replied Morrior sadly, "for though they are not visible to your eyes, the shackles of the monster are upon me."

"We will unbind those shackles, Morrior!"

Then Morrior laughed, and it was like the laugh of a demon. "Unbind the shackles of Rumalcowhiskeyhol? Never. Wives whose tears have not been dried since they pledged their faith on their wedding morning, have tried to unbind them; mothers whose children cried for bread have sought to unloose them; and children with pinched faces and wasted forms have tried their puny strength. The shackles hold in spite of each, in spite of all combined.

"But mother's perfect love and father's great wisdom shall find a way to free you. Must the only son of a king remain in slavery to Rumalcowhiskeyhol? Come!"

"Isa, it cannot be! I have been in his domain too long already. I despise myself for the weakling that I am; I shudder for the wretchedness I have caused; I am horrified at the misery to which I am bound. But his power is upon me—his eye, it beckons me to come—his breath, it destroys my will, it makes me stagger as I go—his voice, it thunders in my ear, it calls, it commands—oh, sister, I am consumed with a burning sense of helplessness, of shame! I must away! I must away!"

"In vain did the sister plead, in vain did she cling to him and weep. With a mighty effort he flung her to the ground and hurried from her as she lay prostrate.

When the princess was sufficiently recovered from her surprise and terror she hastened to her parents with the intelligence

that her brother yet lived. At first they were joyful beyond measure at the tidings, but when they heard how he was bound by the shackles of the monster, they both declared that it had been better that he had died. "For," said the king, "to live in such bondage is to surrender his manhood to the beast; it is to bring misery and disgrace upon himself and all his kindred. If he marry, his wife is doomed to a life of humiliation and want, and suffering; his children will be born heirs to disease, to slavery, to pauperism. Passion and crime are ever ready to lay hold on him who is bound by Rumalcowhiskeyhol. There is little hope for his escape."

The kind mother, who was nothing if not motherly, added that his little children would probably be victims of harsh words and cruel blows instead of love and tenderness.

Much of what they said seemed vague and dark to Isa. She had so much to remember of her brother's love and gentleness, his song and joyous laughter. "Surely," she said to herself, "he was under some dreadful spell when he came to me in the cypress grove. But that spell must be broken! Morrion must be free!"

"Yes, Morrion must be free." She said it over and over to herself during the week that followed before Landon came again. When she saw him, a new hope sprang up in her heart. Landon did not fear the monster. From earliest childhood he had gone where he chose and with closed lips and averted eyes had even passed the open doors of the monster's den in safety. Nay, so potent had been the teachings of his mother that the youth listened not to tales of fear, nor turned he to the right or left to heed the bellowings of the monster's voice.

"Gracious princess," Landon said, in courtly manner, "send me not away. You are sorrowful. Is there no way in which I may serve you, that I may prove my love and gain your favor?"

"There is, noble Landon, but the way is hard and—"

"I care not though it lead over the burning sands of Sahara's Desert, if so I may serve my princess. Speak."

"It is of my brother, Landon. Morrion lives!"

"Morrion lives! Then he is—"

"Yes, though I blush to say it, he is a slave in Rumalcowhiskeyhol's domain!"

"Know you that he lives, my princess?"

"I have seen him. He came to me in the cypress grove. Rescue him from the monster, and on the day you restore him to us I will become your wife."

"It is enough. The task may be hard, because men who can be trusted in such service are scarce; but were it an hundred times more difficult than it is, believe me it should be accomplished. Your father will lend his aid?"

"In men and means, yes, to the extent of his power."

"It is enough."

* * * * *

For thrice twelve months Landon had been training the mighty forces that he was to lead against Rumalcowhiskeyhol. First he had drilled the thought into their souls that they were always to look toward heaven when they came within range of the evil eye. Next he had trained them to close their lips and cover their nostrils against the fiery breath, and with heart and soul to sing their own glad song of victory to drown the bellowing of the monster's voice. And against the lure of the shining scales they had been warned until every one of them knew that rather than stoop to pick one from the mire, he would suffer his strong right arm to hang stricken at his side. And so every one walked with head erect, nor deigned to look where fell the glitterings.

Many times Morrion had come to his sister in the cypress grove where she daily walked in the hope of seeing him. Each time he came she saw that his walk was more staggering, that his form was more wasted, that his eyes were more bleared, than before.

Once she told him about the great plans being laid to rescue him, about the constant training of the forces under Landon.

"It is useless, sister," he had said. "They drill to go up against Rumalcowhiskeyhol. Did not I and my five hundred go bravely out against him? And where are we? Most of us are perished long ago. Those of us who survive, what are we?"

"It is because of this, Morrion, that the war must go on. And we will win. Landon is strong—"

"Landon may be strong, sister, but if he goes to battle against us, he is lost!"

"Against us? Are you, then a willing slave?"

"There can be no slavery, sister, except for him who wills it so. The body, indeed, may be kept in bondage, but the spirit can never be enthralled, so long as it chooses to be free."

"My brother," Isa pleaded while she wept, "I have set Landon the task to rescue you. When he has done that he is to claim my hand in marriage. Morrion, I love Landon. Should he lose—but he shall not lose. His cause is the cause of right! His banner is the banner of humanity! This fight is a fight against vice, against misery, against pauperism, against death! Oh, brother, you will help us, you must!"

For a moment he hesitated, and the fond sister felt that her pleadings had won. Then the savage blare of the monster's voice was heard; Morrion broke away from his sister's embrace, and was gone.

That evening Landon came.

"Fear not, my princess," he said, assuringly, when she had told him all the details of her brother's visit. "We shall surely win when we are ready to lead our forces against the monster, and trust me, we shall find a way to save your brother."

"But, Landon, if my brother will not be saved—"

"He is under the evil spell. If he can be so hedged about that he fall not in the fray, methinks he will return to his own gladly when once the terrible influence is removed. My belief is that many of those who now consort with evil will join us gratefully when once the haunts of vice are sealed."

Thus assured, the princess trusted her cause with the noble knight; and when her brother came again, she only warned him that he go not where the fight was thickest in the struggle that was to come.

And now they were on the eve of the decisive conflict. The decree had gone forth from Landon that on the morrow Rumalcowhiskeyhol must be done to the death or driven from the kingdom with his every den forever closed; and Rumalcowhiskeyhol had snorted forth in derision and scorn his unmistakable defiance.

"Noble Landon," the princess said, when he kissed her hand at parting, "do you think you will be able to destroy the monster?"

"We can scarcely hope that, my princess, since he has so many strongholds beyond our borders; but we shall give him such terrible battle that in all our land he shall henceforth find no resting place."

"Is everything ready for tomorrow's conflict?"

"Everything. The uniform of the soldiers is perfect; their banner is inspiring; their armor will be proof against every assault; and their slogan, '*Death to the monster is joy to the home*'—no man will waver when he hears the call."

"And the women's division?"

"Never was an array more beautiful! Those hundreds of white-robed women who will march at our right and sing of victory and peace, will be an inspiration under which no one can turn his back to the foe. It lacks but one thing to make it perfect."

"And that?"

"That the Princess Isa be its standard-bearer. Think not, my beloved, that I would expose you to danger—"

"But you once refused to let me join the ranks."

"Because then I feared. Now I am assured that no harm can come to that division. Those women will not be influenced by eye or breath or voice of Rumalcowhiskeyhol, neither will they stoop for the shining scales. And you may be of service to your brother. It is for him—"

"Enough, Landon. I shall go."

"Good night, my princess."

"Good night, Landon."

The rising of the morning sun was the signal for Landon's forces to form in line of march. Long before that the blare of the enemy had been heard and his fiery breath had been belched out to defile the morning air. Here and there were squads of slaves who, like Morrion, had grown to love their slavery. These made show of much bravado, while they already staggered with the breath that was upon them.

At noon the battle raged in all its fury. The monster, hard pressed by the forces that now crowded upon him, shot glances from his evil eye the like of which men never had seen before. He belched forth fiery breath that kindled into flame the very shrubbery in his pathway. His great red tongue lolled from his mouth or rolled from side to side as though he would literally lick men from the earth. He bellowed and blared and snorted at every breath such sounds as aforetime had stricken his foes with deadly fear. But Landon's forces, advancing, drove him steadily backward; and the women sang their triumphant songs as they kept pace with the advancing legions.

At length, finding himself powerless to offer further resistance, the fierce Rumalcowhiskeyhol turned and began to throw here and there a few of his shining scales. It was useless. The scales were trampled in the mire by the hosts of Landon. He threw more scales and still more until his back and tail were almost bare. Finding that these availed him nothing, he belched forth his rage, lashed his great tail with all his fury, and made rapid retreat toward the nearest border.

The soldiery pushed hard upon him with battleax and spear, and ever by their side the women marched radiant and joyous. As they came near to one of the monster's old retreats a host of slaves poured forth through wide-flung doors. With sickening dread the princess looked upon them. A man in rich apparel was supported as he walked by men in rags, and the filthy vomit on the rich was not less vile than that upon the beggar at his side. Two women with emaciated forms and disheveled hair clutched at each other in fury over a string of yellow beads that a bleary-eyed man had tossed them. There were ragged urchins and swaggering youths, and bloated grandsires; and following them some two score men and women of grave demeanor tried to keep up a show of respectability and order. Such was the following of Rumalcowhiskeyhol.

As she was turning away in disgust, the princess saw her brother stagger from behind a tree. He stood irresolute when he saw her approach but when she took him by the arm and spoke to him in tones of sympathy and comfort, he gladly went over to the

ranks of Landon. So, too, did eight of his once brave companions.

At set of sun they returned to their homes triumphant. Morrion had received many wounds and scars in the haunts of the monster, some of which he needs must carry to his death. But he was still young and had yet hope of a vigorous manhood. There were many others among the rescued whose lives were not seriously wrecked, and some whose only hope of happiness was in the sleep of death.

The king and queen made a great feast to welcome the return of their son and celebrate the victory of Landon; and there amid the joy and merrymaking of their loyal subjects, they gave to the noble knight of Landon, to be his happy bride, the beautiful Princess Isa.

So Isa was happy in her love, Morrion rejoiced in his freedom, and all the people of the realm were glad because the terror of Rumalcowhiskeyhol was ended.

The Tell-Tale

Two men
 Encamped beside a forest grove,
 Heard in the wind a song.
 It sang a lay of life well lived;
 It sang of life lived wrong.

To one
 The moaning, mocking wind sang in
 Accusing monotone—
 Of wanton waste of precious time
 Void yield of wild oats sown.

To one
 It sang, the cheery, laughing wind
 Whilst whistling by in glee,
 Of happy hours of bygone years,
 Of happy days to be.

And one
 That night tossed restlessly, reviewed
 With pain his days ill spent.
 And one reviewed his well-lived days,
 And that night smiled, content.

So live
 That every breeze will sing to thee
 Of joy that none may mar.
 Remember this, though joy or woe
 It sings just what you are.

GUY C. COLEMAN

“‘Mormonism’s’ Message to the World”

During the later weeks of May, Elder James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve made a journey of visitation to some of the conferences belonging to the Southern States Mission, which mission embraces ten states and comprises a Church membership of over twenty thousand souls. Elder Talmage was accompanied by President Charles A. Callis, who has been in charge of the mission in the Southern States for practically a decade, and of whose ability and faithfulness Elder Talmage speaks in terms of brotherly commendation.

At Greenville, S. C., the brethren named officiated in dedicating a fine new church building on Sunday, May 21, 1916. The structure is of brick, impressive in its simplicity and eloquent as a material testimony of the devotion of the people who have openly professed the gospel of Jesus Christ in that region.

President Callis and Elder Talmage held many meetings and addressed large assemblies in the South, notably at Greenville, S. C., Atlanta, and Douglas, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and Chattanooga, Tenn. In every city where public meetings were held the newspapermen had interviews with the visiting elders; and likewise in all instances there were personal meetings of the brethren with the managing editors of the leading journals. At each place visited a public meeting, previously advertised, was held, at which Elder Talmage spoke on the subject “‘Mormonism’s’ Message to the World.” Illustrative of the liberal consideration accorded to our people in the South, we present herewith excerpts from the daily press which have come to hand and which contain much information, both in news and doctrine that will interest readers of the ERA.

At Greenville, S. C., *The Daily News* and *The Piedmont* printed lengthy accounts of the dedicatory services and of interviews with the visiting brethren. A portion of *The Daily News* report as published in its issue of May 24, reads:

In a brief but pleasant interview with *The News*, the gentlemen named freely discussed several phases of the “Mormon” question. “The great desire of the ‘Mormon’ people,” said Dr. Talmage, “is to have our fellow citizens know us as we are. I am delighted to find such cordial relationship between our people and other religionists as is manifest in Greenville. Business and professional men and other prominent citizens attended our recent services and remained to shake hands and bid us succeed in our efforts to speak the truth. Religious toleration,” the Doctor continued, “is a cardinal tenet of ‘Mormon’ profession. One of our articles of faith reads, ‘We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own

conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.' But of course, in all reason and consistency, we draw a distinction between tolerance and acceptance. We are sincere in believing that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is, as its name expresses, the Church of old restored and reestablished, and this in accordance with prophecy and assured prediction."

Inquiry as to the "Mormon" Bible drew from Dr. Talmage the following statement: "There is no such book. We accept the authorized Bible, commonly known as the King James version. Although we proclaim our belief that the Bible is the word of God, 'as far as it is translated correctly,' we do not claim mistranslations to exist except as such are admitted by philologists and biblical scholars generally. The Book of Mormon is a separate volume of scripture, giving an account of the dealings of God with mankind on the western continent, even as the Holy Bible is the record of people who lived on the eastern hemisphere. The Book of Mormon and the Bible are in harmony so far as their respective records run parallel; and in no sense is one opposed to the other, or either the substitute for the other."

President Callis expressed his appreciation of the earnest and devoted spirit exhibited by the people in the local branch, and in the Southern States Mission generally. "There are at present," said he, "between two and three thousand members of the Church in South Carolina, and a correspondingly large membership in each of the other states within the mission. Our splendid church building, just dedicated, here in Greenville, is one of many such structures already in service, and several others are in prospect. The business men of this region have extended to us many courtesies in the erection of our church, and we have appreciated to the full the liberal terms, and the prompt delivery with which our calls for building material and other supplies have been met. The people are coming to understand that we desire only their welfare and betterment, and that the gospel we preach is the gospel of love."

In Atlanta, Ga., Elders Talmage and Callis were interviewed by representatives of the three important dailies, *The Constitution*, *The Georgian*, and *The Journal*, and, furthermore, had a pleasant visit with the Mayor of Atlanta, Hon. J. G. Woodward. Each of the three papers named published extended reports of the meetings held in Atlanta. The following excerpt, taken from *The Atlanta Constitution* of May 25, refers to a personal interview with Mr. Clark Howell, editor-in-chief of that large and influential paper:

In reply to an inquiry as to the distinguishing features of "Mormonism," Dr. Talmage said: "One feature peculiar to 'Mormonism' is the proclamation of current revelation from God to man. We believe in the same organization as existed in the primitive Church and therefore that apostles and prophets are essential today as they were anciently. We do not believe that the authority of the holy priesthood has continued in unbroken succession from the apostolic period following the personal ministry of Jesus Christ, for a great falling away was foreseen and predicted.

"We hold that a reasonable interpretation of history demonstrates the actuality of the general apostasy. A restoration of the holy priest-

hood became necessary, and this restoration was effected through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith, under whose ministry the restored Church was established as an earthly organization in 1830.

"We are commonly known as 'Mormons,' the name having reference to the Book of Mormon, which is a translation of ancient records giving an account of the aboriginal peoples of the western continent; but the true name of our organization is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Concerning the institution known as plural marriage or more commonly as polygamy, which has been so generally associated with "Mormon" faith and practice in the popular mind, Dr. Talmage explained as follows: "As a practice, plural marriage has been definitely relinquished by the Church; and any attempt to enter into marital relationships contrary to the secular law is punished by excommunication from the Church. The Church authorities are rigorous in their enforcement of this prohibition, for it is one of the cardinal tenets of the Church that its people shall be subject to the laws of the state and community in which they live.

"That plural marriage was once countenanced by the Church under specific regulation is freely admitted and generally known, but when the federal statutes prohibiting its practice were declared constitutional, plural marriage was forbidden by action of the Church, officially assembled in general conference.

"The Church as a body is greater than any of its officers and this action cannot be annulled or set aside by any authority other than that of the Church itself. Much of the misunderstanding on this subject," continued Dr. Talmage, "is due to the confusion of plural marriage with our institution of celestial marriage. The latter is a contract of marriage, duly solemnized under the authority of the holy priesthood, whereby the parties are united not as in marriage for the period of mortal life only—until death doth them part—but for time and for all eternity.

"This we regard as the true order of sealing in marriage and the solemn ordinance is administered only in the temples, which are erected and maintained for these and other sacred rites. No ceremony of sealing in celestial marriage is performed unless the parties are duly licensed to wed under the laws of the state."

Dr. Talmage is well known in scientific and scholastic circles. He was for many years connected with the University of Utah as its president and as professor of geology, and is a life fellow of many learned bodies, including the geological societies of England and America, the Philosophical Society of Great Britain and the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

He is an author of several works on theological, doctrinal, and scientific subjects, among which are "Great Salt Lake, Present and Past," "Articles of Faith," "Great Apostasy," "House of the Lord," which is an exhaustive treatment of "Mormon" temple rites, and "Jesus the Christ."

When the visitors reached Jacksonville, Fla., they found that advance notices of their coming, and of the meetings to be held, had been published; and comprehensive reports of the meetings appeared later in the two Jacksonville daily papers, *The Florida Times-Union* and *The Florida Metropolis*. Part of the report printed in *The Times-Union* of May 27, follows:

Dr. Talmage led up to his main subject by explaining how the "Mormons" got their name:

"We were first called 'Mormons,'" said he, "because of the fame attached to the Book of Mormon, a volume accepted by us as scripture, but in no way as a substitute for the holy Bible, which we esteem as the word of God as do Christians generally. The Book of Mormon gives an account of the dealings of God with the early inhabitants of the western continent. The true name of the organization to which we belong is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the message of the Church to the world is largely expressed in that name. We affirm that the holy priesthood, which is the authority to preach and administer the saving ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, ceased to be operative through the great apostasy that followed the apostolic ministry of old, and that while many religious sects arose and many churches were organized with good intent and worthy purpose on the initiative of men, the Church of old could be established anew only through the restoration of the holy priesthood by direct dispensation from the heavens.

"'Mormonism' affirms the actuality of present day revelation, through prophets and apostles as in the primitive Church. While the plan of the gospel is unchangeable and eternal, and while holy writ embodies that plan, authority to administer therein is essential to the existence of the Church of Christ. Continuous revelation is in harmony with the spirit of the age, and along every line of human aspiration and endeavor, save only in religion and the science of the gospel, we live in daily expectation of new truths, additional discoveries, and increasing knowledge. 'Mormonism' appeals to the world as a religion up to date, down to date, and in every way adapted to the needs of mankind. * * * * *

"'Mormonism' proclaims the divine origin of man—that verily he belongs to the lineage of the gods and that to the possibilities of his advancement and achievement there is no end. He is born heir to the birthright of individual agency, and is free to choose or reject, with the just and inevitable condition that he assumes responsibility for his choice, and abides the consequences. Recognition of agency implies and enforces toleration of the beliefs and religious practices of others, provided only that religious observances shall in no measure be in violation of law nor a trespass upon the liberties of other men. * * * * *

"'Mormonism' affirms the near advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, in accordance with his own prediction and the words of inspired prophets, shall come to earth in person, to rule and reign through the millennial era. All the signs of the time point to the imminence of his coming; and the mission of the Church is to prepare the earth and its people for that great development, which shall be, verily, the consummation of the ages."

The next issue of the ERA will contain a number of very interesting extracts culled from the southern papers, along similar lines.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Are You Ready to Work?

"We Stand for State- and Nation-wide Prohibition"—M. I. A. Slogan

BY ELDER HEBER J. GRANT

[Superintendent Heber J. Grant was given twenty minutes to introduce the M. I. A. slogan for 1916 at the joint general conference of our organizations, in the Assembly Hall, Friday, June 9. The full text of his address follows. If, as a worker in the M. I. A., young man or young woman, you are in harmony with the slogan, you have an immediate duty to perform: join with people in your district of like mind, in your political party, organize, select your candidates, pledge them to the cause, attend the primary in your district, present and elect candidates to the county nominating convention, pledge them to elect candidates for the legislature and for the state convention, men or women who will vigorously and aggressively stand for the slogan, so that no candidate in any party for the state legislature or for a state office, from the governor down, will be elected who will not work to do away with whiskey and the saloon in Utah. Notice that the work begins now, and that the paramount thing is to plan and arrange to carry the primaries in your political party. If you are beaten there, your voting at the polls on election day counts for nothing in the cause. So, carry the primaries. Elder Grant tells why we should have state-wide prohibition in Utah.—EDITORS.]

I am informed by the committee that twenty minutes will be allowed to me to talk upon our slogan: "State- and Nation-Wide Prohibition."

If there is one subject above another that I am interested in and pleased to talk upon, it is this question of state- and nation-wide prohibition. I believe that Utah should have been the first state in the Union to have adopted state prohibition, because the Lord has given to us a prohibition law; for the further reason that the Lord has given to us as a people, the Word of Wisdom for our temporal salvation and advancement and that we might have hidden treasures of knowledge. The Word of Wisdom is today a commandment of the Lord to us, first given to us "not by constraint or commandment," but of later years, given to us by the Prophet Brigham Young and by the Prophet Joseph F. Smith, as a commandment to this people. Therefore, we as a people, should have been the pioneers in this great reform for the benefit of mankind.

It is unnecessary for me to say anything to you here today regarding the advantages that would come from prohibition. All who have made any study of the question know that the drinking of liquor is responsible for 25 per cent of all the insanity, 25 per cent of all the vagrancy, and 75 per cent of all the crime that is committed in our country. The government of the United States collects over \$200,000,000 a year revenue from this traffic. It is estimated that \$31 per capita is used by the people of the United States in expenditure for liquor; so that there is about \$3,000,000,000 worth consumed; or in other words, the government only collects about 10 per cent of the amount of what is paid out for this stuff that destroys the bodies and the souls of men.

STATE-WIDE PROHIBITION AND PERSONAL LIBERTY

Now as to the question regarding state-wide prohibition: there are people who are opposed to it, on the ground that it will interfere with personal liberty. I desire to read to you something upon this question of personal liberty, by Ex-Governor Hanley, of Indiana. What he has said is so much better than I could possibly say, that I will quote him:

You have a daughter—splendid, beautiful and fragrant as a morning in June, with all its music and sunshine—a daughter fit to be mated to an Apollo, a king! I come to you and say to you: "I am a man of lawful age, I am sound of body and clean of soul. I love your daughter. I want her for my wife, and I ask you to give her to me, to give her to me, body and soul." I am putting to you a supreme question—one that makes you thoughtful—and if you yield assent at all it is only upon the condition that I will go with you and with her, into God's holy temple, and before his high altar, and in the presence of his minister and under the ordinances of the Church and the laws of the commonwealth in which we live, and pledge myself in solemn compact and covenant—pledge myself to her, and to you, that if you give her to me I will love, cherish and defend her with my life. That is the condition. I assent to it. I go with you and with her, into God's holy temple, and in the presence of his minister, under the solemnity of the ordinances of the Church and the laws of the state, I solemnly enter into that compact and sign and seal it with my honor.

Then I take her away. You have given to me the dearest treasure of your life—given her to me—and I have accepted her under the sanction of the highest and holiest of covenants. But the next day I come back to you and say to you, that, notwithstanding this covenant, and the solemnity in which I entered upon it, in the name of personal liberty I have a right to drink a thing that will make it impossible for me to perform my part of the covenant—come to you and say I have a right to drink a thing that will send me home to her, your daughter, whom I have so taken, a frenzied fiend; send me home to her to beat her flesh and scar her soul—that in the name of personal liberty I have a right to drink a thing after I have taken her to myself and through her begotten children—that in the name of personal liberty I have a right to drink a thing that will put the fire of degeneracy into her children's blood, the frenzy of insanity into their brain, and the rack of palsy into their hands. Men and women, hear me! That

thing is not liberty! It's crime! Crime before God! Crime before men!

DEPENDENT PERSONS

Again, I quote Ex-Governor Hanley, on the most appalling and awful effects of this mind- and body-destroying traffic:

There are in the custodial care of my state (Indiana) more than 12,000 men and women—more than 5,000 of them insane! In the custodial care of state, county and city there are more than 4,000 dependent children! In the custodial care of the state alone, more than 1,200 feeble-minded children! There are more than 3,000 other men and women in county asylums. And in 1913 we jailed in a single year a vast army of men and women—more than 40,000, 18,000 of them for being found drunk in a public place—and gave in the same year outside poor relief to another army of more than 51,000 men and women! What a mighty army they constitute, this army of the dependent, the defective, the degenerate and the criminal—more than one hundred and ten thousand—one person out of every twenty-five in all the population of the commonwealth!

Who feeds this army of the dependent, the defective, the degenerate, the criminal? Who clothes it? Who houses it? Who pays for its care? Four million dollars a year! In my state my people pay, my people pay!

And so the people of Utah pay, and so do the people of every state pay. For every dollar that is paid in revenue for this liquor traffic, there is one dollar wasted, to say nothing of the destruction of the bodies and the souls of those that use the liquor.

INTER-STATE SHIPMENTS

Congress was petitioned to and did enact a law preventing inter-state shipments of liquor from wet to dry territories. William Howard Taft, as president of the United States, vetoed it. Why? Because in his language it was unwarranted and an unconstitutional delegation of federal power to the states.

Commenting upon the president's veto, Ex-Governor Hanley says:

By declaring a delegation of power over interstate shipments of liquor to the states to be an unwarranted and unconstitutional delegation of federal power to the states, the liquor traffic and William Howard Taft have made the prohibition of the traffic a federal question, and a national issue, knocking at the door of Congress until that door opens and an affirmative answer is made. It will remain a federal question and a national issue, knocking at the door of the White House at Washington, until some new Abraham Lincoln, keeping step with the progress of the race, and catching a vision of a saloonless land, a sober people, and a stainless flag, shall issue a new emancipation proclamation.

Our forefathers gave liberty to themselves, but they failed to give liberty to the blacks, and they reaped, according to Mr. Hanley, the following:

Lived to reap it in sixteen thousand millions of money expended and property destroyed.

Lived to reap it in 550,000 new-made graves.

Lived to reap it in the red hours at Chancellorsville; in the car-

nage at Antietam; in the sacrificial baptism at Fredericksburg; in the crimson woods at Chickamauga.

Lived to reap it in the three red days at Gettysburg, in the wheat-field and among the trembling hills at Spottsylvania and at Cold Harbor.

Now, what are we reaping because of the compact with the liquor people for revenue to carry on the war?

Reaping it in 450,000 men and women convicted of crime in this nation every year, 300,000 of whom are victims of this traffic.

In 400,000 insane men and women—men and women bereft of reason, 100,000 of whom are victims of this traffic.

Reaping it in 50,000 little children who fall in this nation every year, 67 per cent of whom are the victims of this traffic.

Reaping it in national decay, in moral degeneracy.

Reaping it in man-failure, in woman-failure, in this nation mean institutional failure—failure of institutions for which they have died at the battle's front, sad only that they had but one life to give. There are those who pray for more men in this country. I utter a better prayer than that. I pray not for more men in my country, but for more man in the men who are in my country. But we will get no more man in the men who are in the country until the country rids itself of this hateful thing that debauches daily the man in the men of the country.

BEER DRINKING

By the investigation of a German professor, it was found in beer-drinking Munich, that out of 100 babies born, 72 are unsound. The same professor visited prohibition Maine and found 71½ sound-born babies out of each 100. I believe beyond the shadow of doubt that there are 98 per cent of all babies born in the homes of the Latter-day Saints who obey the Word of Wisdom, sound of body and mind. Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel estimates that one-half of all the babies born in the United States do not even reach childhood, and the great cause of it is this terrible liquor traffic. She says also:

The man who drags his soul through the shame of a licensed saloon, takes out of his unborn baby its vitality, literally cashes it in, and the child is born feeble, cannot live because its father—and sometimes, oh, the shame of it, its mother—has cashed in its little life for alcohol.

Let me tell you what I saw. A feeble old woman—not as old as I am, but with bowed head and bent back. She made her feeble way down the corridor in murderers' row in Joliet prison. I saw her there a few weeks ago. She came along murderers' row until she stood in front of a grated cell, then put her thin lips up and kissed a big, strapping fellow on the other side of the bars. She turned away and would have fallen; I helped her, and she began to cry, "Doesn't God know? He was drunk when he did it; he is not to blame. His father was a drunkard—and he must hang." And then when she was quiet again, when I had helped her to get quiet the best I could, she began pacing up and down on the green grass and wringing her hands, crying, "Doesn't God know? That is my oldest boy, my first-born son; but I have two other boys younger than he. Must they go the same way?"

They must, and so must others who are born with this degenerate fire in their brains. Now, we have "State- and Nation-wide Prohibition" as our slogan. Faith without works is dead. What are we going to do to get state-wide prohibition? Are we going to stay at home from the primaries? Are we going to vote for people that have not pledged themselves against the traffic? I maintain that if the young men and the young women, of our Mutuals, over 60,000 strong, shall rise up and work—with a living faith, attending every primary, and having every man pledged, we have the power to secure this great boon.

I would like to read more from this book entitled, *Speeches of the Flying Squadron*. I would like to read of where this lady whom I have last quoted says that if you will only give the women the vote, they will mop up every saloon in the country. The women have the vote in Utah, and if they in connection with the young men and young women of the Mutual Improvement Associations will only do their part, prohibition will come without fail. When? Right now. Do not allow a primary to go by but what you are organized with men and women selected to be there to vote and intelligently and to a known purpose. You are the rulers, you are the sovereign people. No man should ever represent Utah in any place or position of trust, unless he has stood up and declared himself, unequivocally, without any mental reservation, upon his honor as a man, that he will stand for this thing.

WHAT THE EDITOR OF THE ERA SAYS

Let me read from an editorial in our own official organ, the IMPROVEMENT ERA:

It is a well known fact that Church leaders and Latter-day Saints generally are strongly in favor of temperance—have preached it for many years, and not only believe in voluntary temperance by which people become strong by personal choice, which is the best temperance by far—but they believe in prohibition, if necessary, by which a guardianship is thrown about the young and the weak to keep them temperate. I wish to say here, once for all, that I am unalterably in favor of state-wide temperance and prohibition—I care not who is opposed to it nor whose cause is in conflict.

One other thought. At the recent legislature numerous signed petitions were received from the people asking for state-wide prohibition. The legislature did not see fit to heed these prayers. Now let the people act, and prove their sincerity by closing the saloons wherever this is possible, and make good their declarations and desires by sending to the next legislative body such representatives as will comply with their demands for state-wide prohibition. That is the procedure.

This procedure was followed. The law was passed by the people's representatives, but the law failed because it was not signed. See to it that we send again men to the legislature who will pass a prohibition law and also elect a man who will sign it.

God bless you. Amen.



NEW LATTER-DAY SAINTS MEETINGHOUSE IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The new Latter-day Saints meeting house at San Diego, California, was dedicated on Sunday, May 21, 1916, by President Joseph F. Smith. The chapel was erected this year at No. 3715, on the corner of Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue. Services were held at 10 o'clock a. m., being presided over by President Joseph F. Smith, with Joseph E. Robinson, President of the California Mission, conducting the exercises, and at 2 and 7 p. m., the dedicatory prayer being offered by President Smith at the 2 o'clock meeting.

Besides President Joseph F. Smith, Elder A. W. Ivins of the Quorum of the Twelve, and Elder Joseph E. Robinson, president of the California mission, there were present Mrs. Juliana L. Smith of the general presidency of the Relief Societies of the Church, and Mrs. Minnie A. Robinson, mission president of the Relief Societies in California, and a large number of elders and lady missionaries. The program on Sunday morning consisted of a chorus, "Great God Attend," and the invocation was offered by Bishop Thomas Holland, of Roy, Utah. A chorus, "Arise, O Glorious Zion," was given by the choir, followed by remarks by President Joseph F. Smith and Clifford Cummings. A solo, "Let me walk with God," was given by Harold M. Anderson, followed by remarks by E. Wesley Smith. The closing song was "Glorious Things are Sung of Zion," and benediction was offered by Daniel R. Kemp.

At the dedicatory services at 2 o'clock, the congregation sang "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and the invocation was offered by A. M. Anderson. The choir sang "O How Amiable," followed by remarks by President Joseph E. Robinson. Miss Johanna Gobel sang a contralto solo, "My Faith in Thee," followed by remarks by Elder A. W. Ivins.

Preceding the dedicatory prayer, a chorus, "This House We Dedicate to Thee," was rendered, followed by remarks and the dedicatory prayer by President Joseph F. Smith. The choir sang "Invocation." Prayer by Elder Anthony W. Ivins.

At the services at 7 o'clock, "From Afar, Gracious Lord" was sung by the choir, followed by invocation by Elder Stephen Bjarnson. "An Angel from on High," duet and chorus, by Alice Michelsen, Florence Turnbaugh and choir, followed, after which remarks were made by President Bjarnson. A duet, "Be Thou Merciful," was sung by President Joseph Robinson and daughter. Virginia Ellis read a poem, "Our Church." Elder Stanley Ivins followed with remarks and a solo was sung by Miss Johanna Gobel and then Elder A. W. Ivins spoke. President Smith followed. The closing song was given by the congregation. The officers of the San Diego branch are: Stephen Bjarnson, Daniel R. Kemp, William H. Cooper, Morris H. Ellison, with Harold M. Anderson chorister, and Eva Driver organist.

The services were full of interest. President Smith spoke at each of the meetings and there were present at the dedicatory services over three hundred people, among them being many non-"Mormons," including one or two ministers. The very best of attention was paid throughout and many courtesies extended to the visiting authorities at the close of each meeting.

From the financial statement read by President Robinson, it appeared that the cost of the chapel is approximately \$7,000.

EDITORS' TABLE



The M. I. A. Annual Conference

The M. I. A. Conference which closed on the 11th of June, after a session of four days, was unusually inspiring and encouraging to workers in the Mutual Improvement cause. From first to last the meetings bristled with life and inspiration for all the workers. Every moment was occupied, and the officers and representatives from all parts of the Church were not only kept busy but were given material that will be of great value and instruction in their work. The scout activities and the Bee-Hive girl work during the first day clearly demonstrated the intense interest taken in these departments and lent enthusiastic encouragement to the officers. With the scout work the paramount question is leadership, for much difficulty has been encountered in obtaining enthusiastic and able directors and scout masters. The conference, however, demonstrated that we have them coming on. The day closed with a splendid encampment and exercises in the Gymnasium for scout leaders, in which talks were given by National Committeeman A. W. Ivins, and Orson F. Whitney and Brigham H. Roberts.

The spirited officers' meetings joint and separate were full of inspiration to the large representation who attended. All but one stake out of seventy-two were represented by officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., and a legitimate excuse was presented for that—Kanab. Many new ideas relating to the carrying out of our numerous activities were considered, and definite and conclusive instructions were given and adopted that will improve and simplify the work and at the same time make it more effective. The reading course, special activities, the scheme for efficiency, reports and publications, as well as the adopted standards for better social work, not forgetting the work for prohibition, and the spirited instructions on this subject by Superintendent Heber J. Grant, were among the items pertinent to the needs and the welfare of the young people, and were hailed with delight by the workers.

The fast meeting on Sunday morning demonstrated that the spiritual side of Mutual work is as deep-rooted in the hearts of the young people as ever. The Assembly hall at the early hour of 8:30 on that beautiful Sabbath morning was filled with devout officers who came to worship. The testimonies of the brethren and sisters, workers in the associations, were full of inspiration,

and the Spirit of the Lord was manifest to such a degree that not only the authorities upon the stand but many who sat in the congregation wept with joy and were filled with the Holy Ghost.

The contest work was better and more efficient than ever, and the singing and public speaking and contests attracted large congregations of interested listeners. The winners will be featured in the August ERA.

The general speeches on Sunday, particularly that of President Joseph F. Smith on the "Observance of the Sabbath Day and Proper Dress," and of Nephi L. Morris on "How the Gospel Can Be Taught Through Pioneer Experiences," were great features of the conference. Elder Brigham H. Roberts at the evening service spoke masterfully on the subject: "But Ye are a Chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood, an Holy Nation, a Peculiar People." His sermon covered practically the whole ground of instructions, and brought forcibly before the congregation the lessons that had been given by President Smith on the matter of dress and the observance of the Sabbath day, as well as vital topics touched upon by other speakers of the conference. The ERA for August will contain the conference resolutions, speeches, and much of the vital and technical information that Mutual officers and others interested in the social, industrial and religious welfare of the youth of Zion, will find necessary in their work.

How to Get Prohibition

The M. I. A. slogan was presented and spoken of on two or three occasions during the late June conference; namely, "We Stand for State- and Nation-wide Prohibition." This commendable declaration, if backed up by the community in Utah, will have far-reaching effect. If the people of Utah are ready for prohibition, it can come as well as not at the fall elections. But if it is to come, there will be grave need of prompt and enthusiastic action in every precinct of the state, and in every party. This action should lead to the organization of those who are favorable to prohibition to carry the nominations in each and every precinct at the primaries. Only such men should be nominated for the state and county conventions as will pledge themselves to stand for this slogan, and to vote for no candidates, for the legislature, or for governor, or for other state position who will not pledge themselves to stand for prohibition.

It is not enough that we have friends who vote at the election, but the work that must be done before election is what counts, otherwise on the day of election we shall have no choice. The

other side is in the field. One man at least, a Mr. Brown, a representative of the eastern liquor interests, has organized, under the subterfuge of establishing a business league, all who are willing to come to his standard. These will have to be reckoned with at the primaries. This combination has any amount of money, and will make every effort to carry the primaries for men who will oppose prohibition and stand for the saloon and all its concomitants. Three things, the friends of prohibition in Utah should remember, and get immediately to work at them: (1) Organize; (2) have pledged people in sufficient numbers at the primaries to carry the nominations to state and county conventions, of men and women who are pledged to destroy the influence of the saloon; (3) have every nominee for office in the state in every party pledged in like manner. This requires work, and work, too, for the love of the cause. There is no money to expend, as in the case of the breweries and liquor interests who are willing to scatter broadcast untold thousands in gold to purchase or to defeat the will of the people, for there are many weak souls who seem willing to take money and sell their vote for a mess of pottage.

President Smith at San Diego

President Joseph F. Smith, prior to his prayer at the dedication of the Latter-day Saints church in San Diego, Cal., in his introductory remarks called attention very feelingly to the attendance of little children and welcomed them to the meeting which, by-the-by, was so crowded that many were compelled to stand. He said, as reported in part by President Stephen Bjarnson, that he would prefer to stand during the entire service rather than see one of the little children turned away from the church. The Latter-day Saints build their churches with a view to care for the needs of children. The house of worship is a place in which we may learn the truth of the gospel and in which we may be built up spiritually. The Saints believe that men in their wisdom cannot without the Spirit of God understand the things of God, and hence the need of spiritual education. The Lord can and does reveal His will to the lowly, the meek and the humble. The Latter-day Saints affirm that God has revealed himself to men in this day, and it is therefore reasonable that he should require that we should be as respectful and considerate of his children in this day as he was in the days of Moses and Abraham.

He declared that the Latter-day Saints believe in clean, good, wholesome, elevating social recreation, and that some of these diversions may be held in a house of worship. They may be

made acceptable to the Lord if properly conducted. We do not believe in the new, fashionable dances. They are suggestive of lust and are sinful and harmful. We deplore participation in them by any of the Latter-day Saints. We believe that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and the things of this earth are not ours but the Lord's which is evidenced by the fact that we leave everything behind when we pass from this existence. Therefore, if we have a farm or a house we should dedicate it to him and receive him as a partner, asking his blessings upon it and seeking his advice concerning its management. We should not be unmindful of the great Giver nor respect the gift more than the Giver. Frequently many blessings come to men through



PRESIDENT AND MRS. JULINA SMITH, AT SAN DIEGO

President Robinson at the extreme left and Elder Ivins just back of Mrs. Smith.

accident and misfortune, and therefore it is the duty of men not to blame God nor to charge him in affliction. If men sin, God is not accountable for it. Every individual must answer for every act in his life. We wish to go to heaven on the platform of worthiness and on no other. "I do not want to be compelled to go to heaven in sin, for consciousness of sin will be damnation." We have been given free agency in this life in order that we may develop and progress. He deplored the fact that some teachers of men influence mankind toward the infamous doctrine of death-bed repentance, implying that men may sin, and then on their death-bed repent and be forgiven and even exalted. He declared his amazement that men of intelligence frequently looked upon the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints with condemnation,

but declared that when men learn their virtues they will cease to condemn them. Those who have been leaders of the Church have been men of God as great and good as any that ever lived upon the earth, according to the intelligence which God had given them. As for himself he would let others judge of him, but he was positive that no one could say he had ever wronged them, and further that no leader of the Church had ever counseled any man to do evil.

Conditions in Northern Mexico

A glimpse of the conditions in Mexico was given by Elder A. W. Ivins, of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, in his speech in San Diego at the dedication of the new meetinghouse of the Latter-day Saints, May 21, as reported to the ERA, by President Stephen Bjarnson. Elder Ivins had just returned from Mexico and contrasted the conditions in that country with those which prevailed there four years ago. All the bridges and railways between the colonies and the United States border some one hundred and fifty miles distant had been destroyed; buildings have been razed to the ground, and devastation in general has taken place in that country. Through the providence of God the people of our colonies have been well provided for, notwithstanding all this tumult and destruction. They have escaped the wrath of the rebels on various occasions, some of which were wonderful and almost miraculous. They have been required to give their provisions on many occasions to the raiders in very large quantities, but on the other hand they have been blessed by the yield of abundant crops. The Latter-day Saints in their cities in Mexico had established equal rights, good schools, and a high standard of morals. Among them the use of tobacco and liquor were unknown. They were prosperous and peaceful, in the midst of neighbors who were poverty-stricken and in confusion. This is an illustration of what the gospel does, and he was bold in declaring that if the gospel of Christ were lived by all men and women they would find salvation and peace in this world and eternal life in the kingdom of God. He expressed the opinion that in due time the Lord will effect a peaceful condition in stricken Mexico, where the war is a war between servants and pitiless masters. He voiced the hope that righteousness, truth, and liberty will be established as a result of this fearful and long drawn out conflict.

Books

Books Received.—"Thoughts on Business," by Waldo Pondray Warren, Forbes & Co., Chicago, 260 pages, price \$1. A short and pointed business help. It will give a young man a thousand helpful hints on succeeding in business.

"Wealth from the Soil," by C. C. Bowsfield, by the same publishers, 320 pages, price \$1. A special help to townspeople who contemplate farming or gardening. It treats, as well, how animal industry may be made to pay.

Public Schools of Salt Lake City.—The ERA is indebted to Supt. D. H. Christensen for the twenty-fifth annual "Report of the Public Schools of Salt Lake City," for the year ending June 30, 1915. It shows that there were 26,347 children between the ages of six and eighteen years in Salt Lake City for the period ending July 31 that year. Of these, 12,960 were boys and 13,387 girls. All of these can read and write except 1,548 boys and 1,508 girls. The gain of school population is 727 over the figures of the preceding year. The most notable outside event of the school year was the survey made of the entire school system which had been authorized the preceding year, and which important document was published on June 30, 1915. There were all told 74 men teachers and 509 women in the 33 schools of the city. Out of this number, 84 were high school teachers—27 men and 57 women.

The Y. L. M. I. A. Song Book, volume one, consisting of quartets, trios, solos and duets for ladies' voices, has just been issued from the press, published by the General Board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. It contains ten quartets, seven trios, four solos, and one duet, principally productions of home talent, both words and music. The musicians represented are Evan Stephens, E. Beesley, J. J. Daynes, Tracy Y. Cannon, William C. Clive, B. Cecil Gates, George Careless, John J. McClellan, Charles J. Thomas, C. W. Reid, Edna H. Coray, Laura S. McGwick Collins and Joseph Scoville. The song writers are Blanch K. McKey, S. C. Watson, W. W. Phelps, Ruth May Fox, Susa Young Gates, Bertha A. Kleinman, Sophia Valentine, Alfred Lambourne, Rose Thomas Graham, Grace Ingles Frost, William H. Apperley, Eliza R. Snow, Edna H. Coray, Kate Thomas, and Joseph Scoville. The idea is commendable. The book is a very creditable publication, which will undoubtedly receive the support it so richly deserves from the musicians of the energetic and splendid organization—the Y. L. M. I. A. In the foreword we are told that all the selections are composed specially for ladies' voices, and are suited to our Church ideals. From the fact that this is marked volume one, we are led to believe that other volumes of a similar character will follow.

"The Mormon Battalion and Its Monument" is the title of a brochure of fifty-six pages, which is a compilation of data for sculptors and architects. It is published by order of the State of Utah Mormon Battalion Commission, which was created by act of the legislature of the State of Utah at its eleventh session. Seven residents of the state compose the commission, who are serving without pay, and "whose duty it shall be to select a proper site upon the Capitol

grounds, and procure a suitable design for a monument to commemorate the important contribution made to the early settlement and development of the State of Utah, and the western portion of this country by the Mormon Battalion." It is also the duty of the commission to report their acts and recommendations to the twelfth session of the legislature. An expenditure of \$1,000 was appropriated for carrying out the provisions of the act. The names of the commissioners are: B. H. Roberts, chairman; Mary Jones Clawson, George S. Goodwin, William H. Pettigrew, John S. Bransford, John K. Hardy, May Belle T. Davis, secretary. The purpose of the brochure is to place in the hands of sculptors and architects some information which will give them in condensed form a true skeleton of the battalion story, and to give them the right viewpoint respecting the call and service of this body of United States volunteers, so that those who may design the monument may do so from the right point of view. The object of the brochure is to give this point of view for their benefit. There are articles describing the Utah state capitol grounds, by John K. Hardy; description of the two-thousand mile march of the Mormon Battalion, by May Belle Thurman Davis; sketches of General Philip St. George Cooke, who commanded the Battalion, and staff; a letter from the daughter of General Cooke; brief sketches of the five Battalion captains—Jefferson Hunt, Jesse D. Hunter, James Brown, Nelson Higgins and Daniel C. Davis; an account of the Battalion at San Diego, by Mary J. Clawson, and "The Mormon Battalion in the Perspective of Seventy Years," by B. H. Roberts. He recounts that the movements with which this famous body of soldiers was identified and that made it possible for the development of the great West, were: The conquest of Mexico; The opening of the highways; The introduction of irrigation among Anglo-Saxon people, and the discovery of gold in California. He points out that the achievements of the Mormon Battalion are not local and sectarian, but belong to the conquest of the great West and to the Nation. For that reason a monument worthy of its work is now suggested. Not only are the sculptors and architects, who are asked to make the designs for this monument, interested in this collection of data relating to the Mormon Battalion, but it is of great moment to the citizens of Utah and the West generally. The propriety of erecting such a monument cannot be questioned, and the act of the last legislature creating the commission to arrange for its erection must meet the hearty approval of every citizen of the state.

Messages from the Missions

Friends for Life

Elder E. J. Sorensen, president of the Oklahoma conference, Central States mission, writes: "Our conference never was in better or more prosperous condition. The number of baptisms have been larger than ever before, and the Saints are living their religion better than in the past. In the matter of holding meetings and the distribution of literature, the elders have succeeded admirably. Elders, back row, left to right: G. N. Wray, Blackfoot, Idaho; H. P. Oldroyd, Glenwood, Utah; Conference President E. A. Bennion, Logan; former Conference President E. J. Sorensen, Bear River City; R. W. Turner,

Riverton, Idaho; D. H. Price, Samaria; R. B. Perkins, Montpelier, Idaho; front row: H. J. Winkler, Bluebell, Utah; L. Archibald, Day-



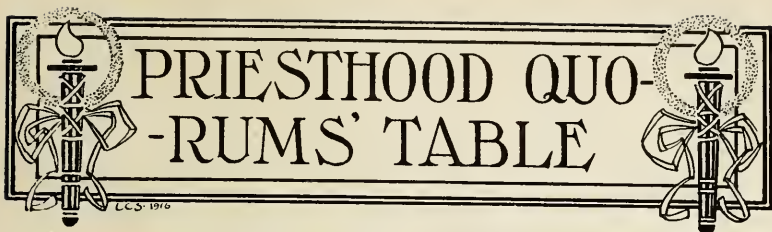
ton, Idaho; F. S. Hess, Salt Lake City, Utah; C. K. Wade, Guthrie; Walt Sturgell, El Reno, Oklahoma; George A. Smith, Cedar City; C. Smith, Beaver, Utah."

Missionaries of the Tahitian Mission

Back row, left to right: Otha Stephens, Ogden; Alma G. Burton, Salt Lake; George W. Burbidge, Salt Lake; Albert Touse, Salt Lake;



William Orton, North Ogden; Alfred Compton, Ogden. Front row: Venus R. Rossiter, Mission President Ernest C. Rossiter, Margaret Compton, wife of Elder Compton.



Practical Duties for Members of the Lesser Priesthood

Recently the bishops of the Church were asked, through letters sent out by the Presiding Bishopric, what activities were engaged in by members of the Lesser Priesthood, in the different wards. The answers with a number added by the committee were compiled, from which the Priesthood committee makes the following suggestions, hoping they will be of service to bishops throughout the Church, many of whom have found difficulty in providing activities for members of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums. We urge the bishops to select such activities for the members, as shall be most suitable to their local conditions, with a view to interesting the youth of Israel in the work that shall promote the growth of Zion:

ACTIVITIES OF PRIESTS

Administer the sacrament, pass the sacrament, including taking it to the infirm who are not able to attend meeting; assist in ward teaching, act as Sunday school officers and teachers, act as Mutual officers and teachers, perform the ordinance of baptism, serve as ward choristers, act as messengers for bishopric, hold cottage meetings, assist the elders, do missionary work in the ward, read the scriptures at ward meetings, supervise the collection of fast offerings, help bishop to take care of tithes, help the bishop with wayward boys, take part in meetings, haul gravel, and make cement walks about meeting house; help with teams to level public squares, make special visits to delinquents of Lesser Priesthood, be active in guiding amusements.

ACTIVITIES OF TEACHERS

Assist in ward teaching; assist with the sacrament, and seeing that the service is in order; become instructors for boy scouts; collect ward funds; take charge of meetings now and again and furnish speakers, singing, etc.; assist in renovating meeting house; take care of meeting house grounds; cut wood for the poor; act as officers in Sunday school; help clerk of branch; become officers in auxiliary organizations; notify priesthood quorums of their meetings; serve as choir members; serve as ushers in gatherings, and as order monitors.

ACTIVITIES OF DEACONS

Collect the fast offerings, assist in passing sacrament, assist in providing and preparing fuel for widows and old people, act as messengers for bishop, keep meeting house grounds free from weeds, look after the poor, keep order in meeting house; deacons should be given a closer study of the lives of the leaders of the Church, and singing should be part of quorum meetings; assist in Primary and Religion Class work, act as ushers, engage in M. I. A. Scout work, give out notices, assist in caring for cemetery grounds, pump organ at meetings, prepare meeting house, attend the doors, keep Church property in good condition, distribute special notices.

Helps for Instructors of Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

LESSON 19

(Note. By mistake lesson nineteen was placed out of its chronological order in the text. If the instructor cares to observe that order, study lesson 21.)

Aim: (For the instructor only.) To impress upon the minds of the boys the principles stated by our Savior, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13). Help the boys to understand that President Taylor with his own life courageously defended the lives of the Prophet and Patriarch.

Problem: What can we do that will show our greatest love for our friends?

Have the boys answer this question. If some answer, "by giving them money," "working for them," "helping them when sick," "telling the truth about them," commend them for such answers. Then have them judge which is the best answer. If none give the answer you aim at, you may say: for example, now let us see how President John Taylor showed his love for the prophet Joseph Smith.

Study the lesson.

Why did John Taylor have reason to fear that the governor would not protect the prophet? How did he think the prophet was going to escape the mob? Why do you think President Taylor did not get angry and say he would not go with Joseph to Carthage, when the latter suddenly changed his mind? What did President Taylor do to protect the lives of the prophet and patriarch? What predictions had the prophet made concerning himself? (See last year's book.)

Answer the problem. Give the quotation in the aim as a memory gem.

LESSON 20.

Aim: (For the instructor only.) To get clearly before the minds of the boys that whenever the Lord calls a person to do something, he will provide a way to accomplish it. This thought is very beautifully and forcefully put in 3 Nephi 13:25-34. (Note that the Savior is speaking to the Twelve.)

Problem: When called to do work in the Church of Jesus Christ, in whom should we trust that it may be successful? Encourage thoughtful answers. Study the lesson.

What office did John Taylor hold in 1839? (See Doc. and Cov. 18.) What call was he filling on this journey? How did he pay for his transportation? What were his financial circumstances at home?

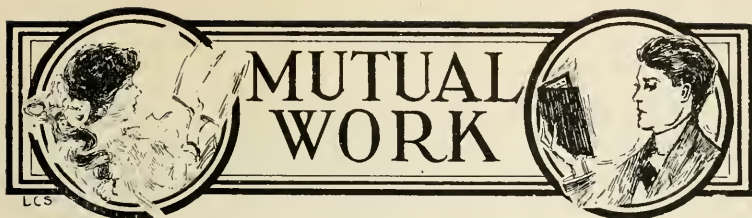
Read to the boys the passage referred to in the aim. Show how it was literally fulfilled in President Taylor's case.

LESSON 21.

Aim: (For the instructor only.) To make plain to the deacons that the Lord delivered modern Israel from their enemies by divine power as he did ancient Israel from the Egyptians.

Problem: How was modern Israel delivered from their enemies of Missouri and Illinois? (Commend thoughtful answers.) Now let us see how a large body of Saints under the leadership of John Taylor reached the land of peace. Study the lesson.

How long did it take them to make their journey? What dangers threatened them, that were very serious? Why did they dare face those dangers? How did they find recreation in their long, weary journey? Answer the problem of the lesson.



Athletics and Scout Work

What was Done in 1915-16

The Committee on M. I. A. Scout Work gave a report to the General Board, on May 31, showing the condition of this department for the year ending that day. It shows commendable growth and increasing interest. The great need now seems to be qualified and interested leadership—and even in this direction there is steady improvement:

Troops registered, 148, increase of 44; scout masters registered,



M. I. A. SCOUT TROOP 2, PROVO, ON A HIKE TO THE LAKE

148, increase of 44; scouts registered at last report, May 31, 1915, 2,044; scouts canceled at expiration of their registration, on account of scout masters moving away or unable to continue the work and no one else found to date by ward authorities to take their places, 499. This number of scouts canceled does not indicate a permanent or total loss, as many of these scouts are re-registered again by new scout masters taking up the work. Scouts re-registered during the year, 1,545; new scouts registered during the year 1,581. This is only approximate as to its being the number of new registered boys, as scout masters in re-registering seldom re-register every boy who formerly belonged to his troop. This is due to some of the boys dropping out of the work through lack of interest, some on account of age, others going away to school, and others old enough to be used as leaders in other Church activities. The greatest loss, however, comes through the scout masters giving up the work either from lack of interest or inability to continue their labors. Total number of registered scouts May 31, 1916, 3,126; total increase of registered scouts, 1,082. In ad-

dition to the 3,126 scouts doing scout work as members of the national organization, there are perhaps from 1,500 to 2,000 boys who are in touch with scout work in some of its phases, and through more efficient stake and ward organization will be brought in harmony with the complete scout program. The attached list shows the number of registered scouts in each stake. The scouts are distributed in the different states as follows: Arizona, 65; Wyoming, 68; Nevada, 44; Idaho, 478; Utah, 2,471.

Twenty-two stakes have no scout organization. This number includes Juarez and the two Canadian stakes. Up to date no report has



FIRST AID FOR SHOCK OR FAINING

Scene at the Scout exercises on M. I. A. Day, May 16, Richfield, Utah, Troop 1, Ray Chidester, Scout Master.

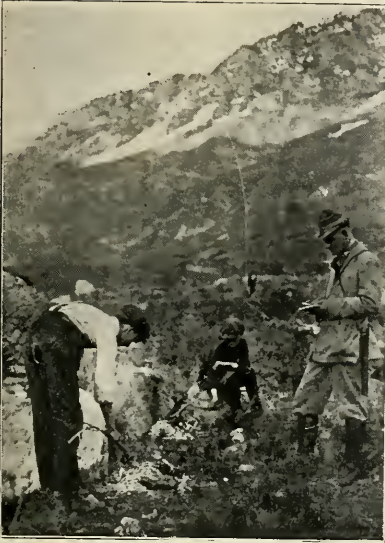
been received from the latter as to whether they have or have not scouts registered with the Canadian organization. Twenty-three stakes have registered deputy scout commissioners.

There are six regularly organized scout masters' associations. However, many stakes have a department for scout masters at their regular monthly meeting. Salt Lake Scout Masters' association is made up of the scout leaders of seven stakes; the Ogden association from three stakes. These associations have done very efficient work, and have given the scout masters the necessary training to carry on the work as leaders of boys. The Brigham Young University of Provo has given an efficient six weeks' course in scoutcraft to seventeen of their advanced students under the leadership of the stake deputy scout commissioner, Le Grand Hardy.

It is to be hoped that all of the Church schools that have the necessary leadership will give the same course during the coming year.

Our relations with the national organization have been very cordial. Any suggestions made to them that might assist us in handling the work more advantageously have been accepted by them. Any assistance that we have asked for has been very cheerfully given and they have kept in close touch with us in carrying on the work.

Practically in every place where the work has been organized the



JUDGING SECOND CLASS COOKING TEST

Troop 2, Provo, Utah. L. H. Hardy, Scout Master.

boys have taken an active part in the civic welfare of the community and have assisted in ward and stake affairs. They have also done a wonderful amount of good in their individual and community "good turns." The work, when it has been handled properly, has received the endorsement of ward and stake authorities. Unfortunately, some of the scouts and scout leaders have obtained the wrong idea regarding scout work, and the result has been detrimental to the movement. These evils are rapidly being overcome through our scout masters' associations, schools, etc., and the labors of Scout Commissioner Dr. John H. Taylor and Assistant Scout Commissioner Oscar A. Kirkham, in their visits to the different wards and stakes.

Several troops have scout bands. Permanent summer camps in some places are being provided for the scouts, and as a whole the work is in a favorable condition. We shall endeavor during the coming year to have every stake take up scout work in conjunction with the rest of their M. I. A. work, to build up the now existing troops and organizations, so that every boy will have the benefit of the excellent training and development that the scout movement affords.



A BUNCH SIGNALING



THE MOST ANXIOUS MOMENT

Second Class fire-making. Troop 2, Provo. L. H. Hardy, Scout Master.

LIST OF REGISTERED SCOUTS IN EACH STAKE

Stake	Troops	Asst.		Scouts	Stake	Troops	Asst.		Scouts
		Scout Masters	Scout Masters				Scout Masters	Scout Masters	
Alpine	7	7	4	170	North Davis. 1	1	1	1	19
Bear Lake ...	2	2	2	45	North Sanpete 4	4	0	0	107
Bear River ..	3	3	3	47	North Weber...	2	2	0	31
Benson	3	3	2	49	Ogden	2	2	0	39
Big Horn	1	1	1	24	Oneida	4	4	5	70
Bingham	2	2	1	37	Panguitch	1	1	0	12
Blackfoot ...	2	2	1	36	Parowan	1	1	0	16
Box Elder	2	2	2	29	Pioneer	2	2	2	29
Carbon	4	4	4	80	Portneuf	1	1	1	10
Cache	8	8	5	146	Rigby	1	1	1	37
Cassia	5	5	2	75	Salt Lake	4	4	6	107
Cottonwood ..	1	1	0	15	Sevier	4	4	3	52
Curlew	1	1	1	12	South Davis... 2	2	2	2	83
Deseret	3	3	0	64	South Sanpete 5	5	5	4	84
Duchesne	4	4	0	69	Star Valley .. 2	2	2	1	44
Emery	1	1	0	17	St. George... 2	2	2	1	63
Ensign	4	4	3	89	Summit	1	1	1	27
Fremont	4	4	6	80	Tooele	2	2	0	39
Granite	8	8	8	179	Uintah	4	4	5	48
Jordan	4	4	6	118	Utah	8	8	2	183
Juab	3	3	3	65	Wasatch	3	3	3	68
Liberty	7	7	4	154	Wayne	1	1	0	20
Malad	2	2	2	63	Weber	3	3	3	55
Maricopa	1	1	0	65	Yellowstone .. 1	1	1	0	13
Moapa	1	1	0	44					
Nebo	4	4	3	98					
						148	148	104	3126

Reading Course for 1916-17

Begin now to make points for your association and stake in the reading course. Here are the books and the points for each:

The New Testament, 7 points.

"Tales from Shakespeare," Lamb, 2 points.

Shakespeare's Plays: "Hamlet," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Henry VIII," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," 2 points for each play.

"Little Women," Alcott, 2 points.

"How We Got Our Bible," Smyth, 2 points.

"Sandsy's Pal," Hunting, 2 points.

"Wild Animals at Home," Seton, 2 points.

"Jacob Hamblin," Little, 2 points.

"Wild Roses," Driggs, 2 points.

"Under the Country Sky," Richmond, 2 points.

"Speeches of the Flying Squadron," 2 points.

Any of the book stores will gladly furnish you the prices. See lists and prices in this number of the ERA.

Infinity

O, how I love the vast, unblemished plains,
That lose themselves in heaven's azure vaults;
Moulded and clothed by God, they beauteous lie
Before me, and I stand amazed in the presence of Infinity!
A weak and groveling thing! Man, how vain and foolish!
Boasting fancied strength and wisdom deep. A conqueror
Of heaven, of earth, of sea, and scorning
The Power that gave thee breath, the Creator of thine home.
Go thou alone into the silent night. Behold the wondrous picture!
'Twill teach thee well.

RAYMOND, ALBERTA

FRANK C. STEELE

PASSING EVENTS

The battle around Verdun continued all during June, at times with a violence unprecedented. The loss of men is appalling on both sides.

The Navy Bill, calling for an appropriation of more than \$250,000,000 for construction and maintenance of the Navy, passed the House June 2 by a vote of 538 to 4.

The Army Bill, calling for a regular peace-strength of one hundred and seventy-five thousand men and a war force of two hundred and six thousand was signed by President Wilson, June 3.

The Democratic National Convention, in session at St. Louis, Mo., renominated, on Thursday, June 15, President Woodrow Wilson as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, and Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall for the vice-presidency. They were nominated and chosen by acclamation.

Richard Harding Davis, author and war correspondent, died at Mount Kisco, New York, April 12. He was a popular American writer and had been a war correspondent in five wars including the present great war. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1864, and was educated at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins universities. "Soldiers of Fortune" is his most widely read book.

The citizens of Eastern Millard county extended an invitation to the people of the state to celebrate "Well days" with them at Fillmore, June 1, 2, and 3. The occasion brought many people to that southern country to celebrate the striking of artesian wells along the vast Pahvont valley. That such wells have been found is an indication of a coming great economic evolution for that part of Utah.

Edgar E. Calvin, who began his railroad career as a telegraph operator, has been chosen president of the Union Pacific railroad to succeed A. L. Mohler whose resignation, due to ill health, took effect July 1. Mr. Calvin is well known in Salt Lake City and the West having been connected many years with railroad interests and being vice-president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line railway.

Louis D. Brandeis was confirmed by the Senate of the United States June 1, to be an associate justice of the supreme court. The vote was 47 to 22. It was four months since he was nominated by President Wilson for the place, and during that time a constant warfare against his confirmation was waged in the Senate, the objection to Mr. Brandeis being that he was lacking in the judicial temperament.

Neil B. Musser, age 16, son of Jos. W. Musser, of Salt Lake City, was appointed to the naval academy at Annapolis, and left to take up

his school work there, on June 12. Congressman James H. Mayes made the appointment. Mr. Musser is sixteen years of age, and in his cadet work at the west side Salt Lake high school was first lieutenant and quartermaster. He was a member of the Forest Dale M. I. A. class, and a leader and enthusiast in M. I. A. scout work.

Dr. Harvey Fletcher, late superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Utah stake, and professor in the Brigham Young University, has accepted a position with the General Electric Company to engage in special research work in New York City. This splendid position came to him through the record he has made during the past ten years in electrical research. Utah and the Brigham Young University will feel keenly his absence. The university has given him a furlough of two years; however, he may stay in New York indefinitely.

Engineer A. M. Campbell, Ogden, 56 years of age and married, lost his life in a Denver & Rio Grande train wreck near Colton, Utah, on the early morning of June 6. Five other men including Fireman William Schafer, of Ogden, aged 30, lost their lives. On the passenger coach on the fated train were President Joseph W. McMurrin, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Mrs. Emma A. Empey and Mrs. Sterling B. Talmage who were returning to Salt Lake City from a conference in San Juan stake. They were badly shaken up, but received no injury. Four of the dead were trespassers on the train.

J. Parley White, state bank examiner and former chief deputy sheriff under Joseph C. Sharp, was appointed chief of police of Salt Lake City on the evening of May 29, to succeed C. W. Shores who recently retired after being declared ineligible by the supreme court to hold office by reason of not being a citizen of Utah. Mr. White is forty-five years of age, and a son of William White head of the firm of White & Sons, livestock dealers. He came from Wales to Salt Lake City at the age of five, and has lived here since that time. He was appointed bank examiner by Governor Spry three years ago. The new position came to him entirely unsolicited.

James J. Hill, the empire builder and financier, died in St. Paul, Minnesota, May 29, at the age of 78. He was well known in the United States as railroad builder and financier and famous as the man who opened the great northwest, completing through his own initiative and efforts the consolidation of the east and west which had been undertaken by the government. He was born on a Canadian farm near Guelph, Ontario, in 1838, and went to work in a steamboat office at St. Paul at the age of eighteen. Archbishop John Ireland said of him: "He loved and respected religion and held the Christian faith to be the supreme principle of human righteousness and human life."

Earl Kitchener, secretary of state for war, and his whole staff who were proceeding to Russia, aboard the cruiser "Hampshire," were lost off the western shore of the Orkney islands, north of Scotland, June 5. He was on board this cruiser which was sunk either by a mine or a torpedo and all on board went down. The loss of Earl Kitchener is considered the most stunning blow to England since the war began. The "Hampshire" carried a crew of between four and five hundred men. Lord Kitchener was going to Russia at the request of the Russian government to arrange for a supply of munitions for Russia, and perhaps to discuss important military and financial questions with Emperor Nicholas.

The Republican National Convention, on June 10, nominated Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, and Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, as the candidates for president and vice-president of the United States. At the same time Theodore Roosevelt was nominated by the Progressive national convention, and, later in the day, John M. Parker of Louisiana as his running mate. On receipt of the news of his nomination Mr. Hughes sent to President Wilson his resignation as associate justice of the federal supreme bench and accepted the nomination which apparently gives satisfaction in all quarters and is a precursor of the re-uniting of the Republican party. It is generally believed that Colonel Roosevelt will turn his influence to the election of Hughes. Utah cast seven votes for Hughes.

Dr. George E. Hyde, formerly of Idaho, and prior to that, of Ogden, Utah, was appointed superintendent of the state mental hospital at Provo to succeed Dr. D. H. Calder, at a meeting of the Board May 26. The appointment took effect June 1. Dr. Calder left for Southern California after twenty-one years of continuous hospital work. Dr. Hyde was born in England, in 1884, and settled in Ogden where he married Rose Farr, daughter of the late Judge Aaron Farr. He studied medicine at Baltimore, Maryland, and has engaged in hospital work in San Francisco and Boston, and took a special course in nervous and mental diseases at the Mayo Brothers hospital, in Rochester, Minnesota. For a term of years, up to 1915, he served as superintendent of the Idaho mental hospital at Blackfoot. His salary was fixed at \$2,500 a year.

Li Yuan Hung, the new president of the Chinese republic, succeeded Yuan Shih Kai just after that noted president's death, June 6 and is quoted as "a capable, gentle-mannered, gentle-spirited man, thoroughly republican, honest, straightforward and popular among the Chinese." His leading characteristic is said to be his faculty of surrounding himself with strong men. He stands for the open door in China, is a progressive, and will continue the advancement of the modern school system. It is reported that half a dozen provinces which were in revolt against Yuan Shih Kai his predecessor have announced their loyalty to the new chief magistrate. He will remain in office until October, 1917, at which time the term of five years for which Yuan Shih Kai was elected will expire. Yuan Shih Kai's latest pronouncement was a cancellation of his former mandate declaring the republic of China a monarchy.

The great naval battle which has been expected for twenty-two months came to pass on the 31st of May and for the first time in history two modern battle fleets came in conflict. The details of the battle which took place about 150 miles off the west coast of Northern Denmark in the North sea are obscure, and the losses are disputed on both sides. The British lost fourteen ships aggregating a tonnage of 105,670 tons. The Germans lost ten ships aggregating a tonnage of 95,000 tons. Eight other ships were reported lost on the German side by the British, but the loss was not admitted by Germany. This included "Westfalen," a dreadnought, three destroyers, a submarine, a light cruiser, and two battle cruisers. Among the ships that were lost to the British were "Queen Mary," "Indefatigable," "Invincible," "Defense," "Warrior," "Black Prince," battle and armed cruisers, and eight destroyers. It is estimated that upwards of ten thousand men perished in this battle which is among the greatest and perhaps the greatest in the history of the nations. The British loss in men and officers is placed at 5,000, and the Germans at 3,000.

Carranza presented to the government of the United States on May 31, through the Mexican ambassador, a garrulous and offensive note charging that the United States was acting in a way to justify the suspicion that it expected to fight Mexico. It demanded a precise statement of American intentions and an immediate withdrawal of American troops in Mexico. However, the troops under General Obregon continued to co-operate with the American forces in policing Northern Mexico. The administration at Washington made no immediate answer to the note, and inclined to minimize its importance, though it was decided not to withdraw the expeditionary forces until it was proved that Carranza was able to keep order. General Trevino, commanding Carranza's army of the north, advised General Pershing, commander of the Americans, on June 15, that any further movements by the Americans south, east or west from the present lines would be considered a hostile act and a signal to open warfare. Several anti-American riots occurred in the early part of June in Mexico, and on the 10th raiders drove off 80 head of horses from across the border near Laredo, Texas. On the 18th President Wilson ordered the National Guard of all states into federal service 100,000 strong, to be mobilized on the border. The National Guard of Utah was ordered to mobilize on the 19th.

Preparedness parades were the order throughout the United States during the month of June. In Chicago, New York City, and the east,



High School Cadets at the head of the procession down Main St., Salt Lake City.

as well as in many western cities, including Salt Lake City, parades were held. Hundreds of thousands of people formed in line with flags and music to show their willingness to have the country prepare to protect itself in case of war. In the parade in Salt Lake City, June 3, there were in line upwards of twenty thousand people, including Governor Spry, President Joseph F. Smith, and many other prominent leaders in the civil, religious, educational, and business world. The parade was more than two miles long and required an hour and ten minutes to pass a given point. The course of march was lined with great crowds of people. Civil war veterans and veterans of the Spanish-American war, school children, club men, labor unions, merchants and clerks, and citizens in general, headed by the High School cadets and bands of music, were in line. On the same day in Chicago 120,000 people participated in the preparedness parade. Parades of like character were held that day also in Springfield, Ohio, and Illinois, New

Orleans, Hartford, Conn., Providence, R. I., Memphis, and other large cities.

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5 The School of General Science

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The 26th College year begins Tuesday, September 19, 1916. Write for a catalogue and illustrated circular. A personal letter to the President is always welcomed and will be given prompt consideration.



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Era Story Contest

There was no winner for the first prize in the ERA May story contest. For the June contest eighteen stories were submitted, and the winner will be announced in August. This closes the 1916 contest. On hundred two stories were submitted, and from them a large number of the best have been selected for, the pleasure of our readers.

Improvement Era, July, 1916

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C. S. BURTON
JAS. L. WRATHALL
MALCOLM A. KEYSER
GRANT HAMPTON

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STORES
IN
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AND
IDAHO**